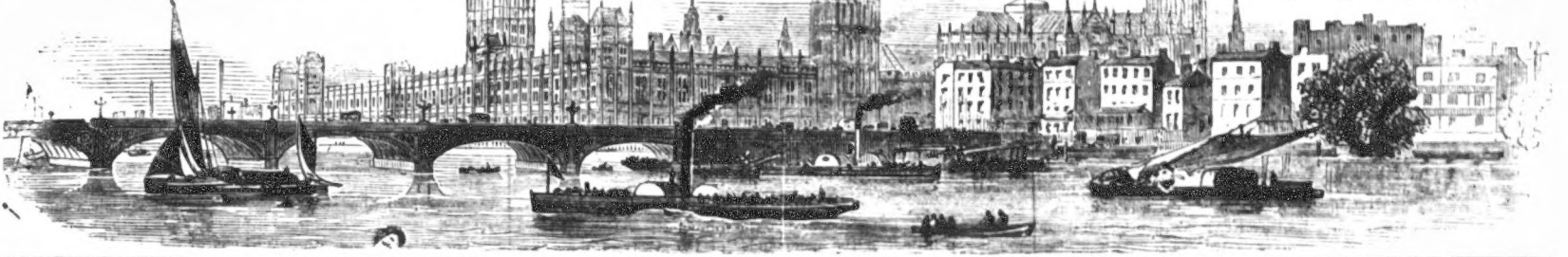


*John Dick 313 Strand*

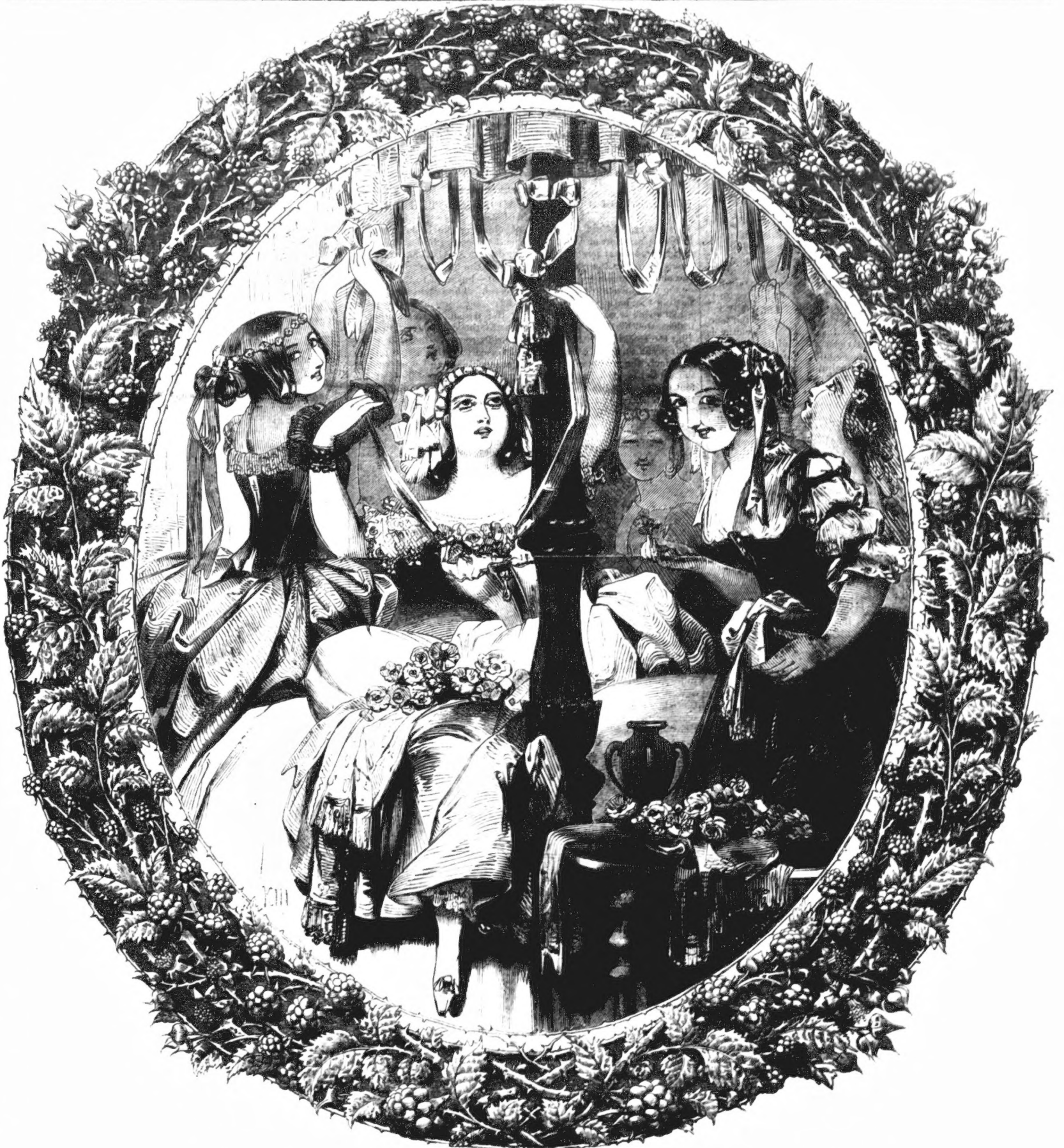
# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1866.

ONE PENNY.









## A TALE OF THE SEA.

[From the *Sacramento Union*.]

THE following is a correspondent's account of the privations the crew of the ship *Hornet* endured after she was burnt in north latitude 2 deg. 20 min., west longitude 112 deg. 8 min., about 1,000 miles due south from Cape St. Lucas, Lower California, and 2,500 miles east of Hawaii. After describing the loss of the vessel, he says:—

"I have said that in the few minutes' time allowed him Captain Mitchell was only able to seize upon the few articles of food and other necessities that happened to lie about the cabin. Here is the list:—Four hams, seven pieces of salt pork (each piece weighed about four pounds), one box of raisins, 100lb. of bread (about one barrel), twelve 2lb. cans of oysters, clams, and assorted meats; six buckets of raw potatoes (which rotted so fast they got but little benefit from them), a keg with 4lb. of butter in it, twelve gallons of water in a forty-gallon tierce, or 'scuttle butt,' four one-gallon demijohns full of water, three bottles of brandy, the property of passengers; some pipes, matches, and 100lb. of tobacco; had no medicines. That was all these poor fellows had to live on for forty-three days—the whole thirty-one of them. Each boat had a compass, a quadrant, a copy of 'Bowditch's Navigator,' and a nautical almanac, and the captain's and chief mate's boats had chronometers. Of course, all hands were put on short allowance at once. The day they set sail from the ship each man was allowed a small morsel of salt pork—or a little piece of potato, if he preferred it—and half a sea biscuit three times a day. To understand how very light this ration of bread was it is only necessary to know that it takes seven of these sea biscuits to weigh a pound. The first two days they only allowed one gill of water a day to each man; but for nearly a fortnight after that the weather was lowering and stormy, and frequent rain squalls occurred. The rain was caught in canvases, and whenever there was a shower the 40-gallon cask and every other vessel that would hold water was filled—even all the boots that were water-tight were pressed into this service, except such as the matches and tobacco were deposited in to keep dry. So for fourteen days. There were luxurious occasions when there was plenty of water to drink. But after that, how they suffered the agonies of thirst for four long weeks. For seven days the boats sailed on, and the starving men ate their fragment of biscuit and morsel of raw pork in the morning, and hungrily counted the tedious hours until noon and night should bring their repetitions of it. And in the long intervals they looked mutely in each other's faces, or turned their wistful eyes across the wild sea, in search of the succouring sail that was never to come. 'Didn't you talk?' I asked one of the men. 'No; we were too down-hearted—that is, the first week or more. We didn't talk; we only looked at each other and over the ocean.' And thought, I suppose—thought of home, of shelter from storms, of food, and drink, and rest. The hope of being picked up hung to them constantly, was ever present to them, and in their thoughts, like hunger. And in the captain's mind was the hope of making the Clarion Islands, and he clung to it many a day. The nights were very dark. They had no lantern, and could not see the compass, and there were no stars to steer by. Thomas said of the boat, 'She handled easy, and we steered by the feel of the wind in our faces and the heave of the sea.' Dark and dismal and lonesome work was that. Sometimes they got a fleeting glimpse of the sailor's friend, the north star, and then they lighted a match and hastened anxiously to see if their compass was faithful to them, for it had to be placed close to an iron ringbolt in the stern, and they were afraid, during those first nights, that this might cause it to vary. It proved true to them, however. On the fifth day a notable incident occurred. They caught a dolphin, and while their enthusiasm was still at its highest over this stroke of good fortune they captured another. They made a trifling fire in a tin plate and warmed the prizes—to cook them was not possible—and divided them equally among all hands and ate them. On the sixth day two more dolphins were caught. Two more were caught on the seventh day, and also a small bonito, and they began to believe they were always going to live in this extravagant way; but it was not to be—these were their last dolphins, and they never could get another bonito, though they saw them and longed for them often afterwards. On the eighth day the rations were reduced about one-half. Thus—breakfast, one fourth of a biscuit, an ounce of ham, and a gill of water to each man; dinner, same quantity of bread and water, and four oysters or clams; supper, water and bread the same, and twelve large raisins or fourteen small ones to a man. Also, during the first twelve or fifteen days, each man had one spoonful of brandy a day; then it gave out.

"This day, as one of the men was gazing across the dull waste of waters as usual, he saw a small dark object rising and falling upon the waves. He called attention to it, and in a moment every eye was bent upon it in intensest interest. When the boat had approached a little nearer it was discovered to be a small green turtle, fast asleep. Every noise was hushed as they crept upon the unconscious slumberer. Directions were given and hopes and fears expressed in guarded whispers. At the fateful moment—a moment of tremendous consequence to these famishing men—the expert selected for the high and responsible office stretched forth his hand, while his excited comrades bated their breath and trembled for the success of the enterprise, and seized the turtle by the hind leg and hauled him aboard. His delicate flesh was carefully divided among the party and eagerly devoured, after being 'warmed,' like the dolphins which went before him.

"The eighteenth day was a memorable one to the wanderers on the lonely sea. On that day the boats parted company. The captain said that separate from each other there were three chances for the saving of some of the party, where they could be but one chance if they kept together. The captain told the mates he was still going to try to make the Clarion Isles, and that they could imitate his example if they thought best, but he wished them to freely follow the dictates of their own judgment in the matter. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the boats were all cast loose from each other, and then, as friends part from friends whom they expect to meet no more in life, all hands hailed with a fervent 'God bless you, boys; good-bye!' and the two cherished sails drifted away and disappeared from the longing gaze that followed them so sorrowfully. On the afternoon of this eventful day two 'boobies' were caught—a bird about as large as a duck, but all bones and feathers—not as much meat as there is on a pigeon; not nearly so much, the men say. They eat them raw, bones, entrails, and everything; no single morsel was wasted; they were carefully apportioned among the fifteen men. No fire could be built for cooking purposes; the wind was so strong and the sea ran so high that it was all a man could do to light his pipe. On the morning of the 21st day, while some of the crew were dozing on the thwarts and others were buried in reflection, one of the men suddenly sprang to his feet and cried, 'A sail! a sail!' Of course, sluggish blood bounded

then and eager eyes were turned to seek the welcome vision. But disappointment was their portion, as usual. It was only the chief mate's boat drifting across their path after three days' absence. In a short time the two parties were abreast of each other and in hailing distance. They talked twenty minutes; the mate responded 'Well,' and then sailed away, and they never saw him afterwards.

"On the twenty-fourth day Captain Mitchell took an observation, and found that he was in lat. 16 deg. N., and long. 117 deg. W.—about 1,000 miles from where the vessel was burnt. The hope he had cherished so long that he would be able to make the Clarion Isles deserted him at last; he could only go before the wind, and he was now obliged to attempt the best thing the S. E. trades could do for him—blow him to the 'American group,' or to the Sandwich Islands—and therefore he reluctantly and with many misgivings turned his prow towards those distant Archipelagoes. What these men suffered during the next three weeks no mortal man may hope to describe. Their stomachs and intestines felt to the grasp like a couple of small tough balls, and the gnawing hunger pains and the dreadful thirst that was consuming them in those burning latitudes became almost insupportable. And yet, as the men say, the captain said funny things and talked cheerful talk until he got them to converse freely, and then they used to spend hours together describing delicious dinners they had eaten at home, and earnestly planning interminable and preposterous bills of fare for dinners they were going to eat on shore, if they ever lived through their troubles to do it, poor fellows. The captain said plain bread and butter would be good enough for him all the days of his life, if he could only get it. But the saddest things were the dreams they had.

"An unusually intelligent young sailor, named Cox, said:—'In those long days and nights we dreamed all the time—not that we ever slept, I don't mean—no, we only sort of dozed, three-fourths of the faculties awake and the other fourth bumbled into the counterfeit of a slumber; oh, no—some of us never slept for twenty-three days, and no man ever saw the captain asleep for upwards of thirty. But we hardly dozed that way and dreamed—and always of such feasts! bread, and fowls, and meat, everything a man could think of, piled upon long tables, and smoking hot! And we sat down and seized upon the first dish in our reach, like ravenous wolves, and carried it to our lips—and then we awoke and found the same starving comrades about us, and the vacant sky and the desolate sea!'

"On the 28th the rations were:—One teaspoonful of bread-crumbs and about an ounce of ham for the morning meal; a spoonful of bread-crumbs alone for the evening meal, and one gill of water three times a day. A kitten would perish eventually under such sustenance. Four little flying-fish, the size of the sardines of these latter days, flew into the boat on the night of the 28th day. They were divided among the hands and devoured raw. On the 29th day they caught another, and divided it into fifteen pieces—less than a teaspoonful apiece. On the 30th day they caught a third flying-fish, and gave it to the recovered old captain—a fish of the same poor little proportions as the others, four inches long—a present which might be proud of under such circumstances, a present whose value, in the eyes of the men who offered it, was not to be found in the Bank of England—yes, whose vaults were not able to contain it. The old captain refused to take it; the men insisted; the captain said no—he would take his 15th—they must take the remainder. They said in substance, though not in words, that they would see him in Jericho first! So the captain had to eat the fish. On Monday, the thirty-eighth day after the disaster, 'we had nothing left,' said the third mate, 'but a pound and a half of ham—the bone was a good deal the heaviest part of it—and one soup-and-bully tin.' These things were divided among the fifteen men, and they eat it all—two ounces of food to each man. I do not count the ham bone, as that was saved for next day. For some time now the poor wretches had been cutting their old boots into small pieces and eating them. They would also pound wet rags to a sort of pulp and eat them. On the thirty-ninth day the ham bone was divided up into rations and scraped with knives and eaten. I said, 'You say the two sick men remained sick all through, and after awhile two or three had to be relieved from standing watch; how did you get along without medicine?' The reply was, 'Oh! we couldn't have kept them if we'd had them; if we'd had boxes of pills, or anything like that, we'd have eaten them. It was just as well; we couldn't have kept them, and we couldn't have given them to the sick men alone; we'd have shared them around all alike, I guess.' It was said rather in jest, but it was a pretty true jest, no doubt. After apportioning the ham bone the captain cut the canvas cover that had been around the ham into fifteen equal pieces, and each man took his portion. This was the last division of food the captain made. The men broke up the small oaken butter tub and divided the staves among themselves and gnawed them up. The shell of the little green turtle heretofore mentioned was scraped with knives and eaten to the last shaving. The third mate chewed pieces of boots and spit them out, but eat nothing except the straps of two pairs of boots—eat three on the 39th day and saved one for the 40th.

"The men seemed to have thought in their own minds of the shipwrecked mariner's last dreadful resort—cannibalism; but they do not appear to have conversed about it. They only thought of casting lots and killing one of their number as a possibility; but even while they were eating rags, and bone, and boots, and shell, and hard oak wood, they seem to have still had a notion that it was remote. They felt that some one of the company must die soon—which one they well knew; and during the last three or four days of their terrible voyage they were patiently but hungrily waiting for him. I wonder if the subject of these anticipations knew what they were thinking of? He must have known it—he must have felt it. They had even calculated how long he would last; they said to themselves, but not to each other, I think they said, 'He will die Saturday—and then?' At eleven o'clock on the 15th of June, after suffering all that men may suffer and live for forty-three days in an open boat, on a searching tropical sea, one of the men feebly shouted the glad tidings, 'Land ho!' The 'watch below' were lying in the bottom of the boat. What do you suppose they did? They said they had been cruelly disappointed over and over again, and they dreaded to risk another experience of the kind—they could not bear it—they lay still where they were. They said they would not trust to an apparition that might not be land after all. They would wait. Shortly it was proved beyond question that they were almost to land. Then there was joy in the party. One man is said to have swooned away. Another said the sight of the green hills is better to him than a day's rations—a strange figure for a man to use who had been fasting for forty days and forty nights."

A LETTER from Florence says that at Naples there were 115 cases and 85 deaths from cholera from the 4th to the 5th inst., and at Genoa 35 cases and 27 deaths.

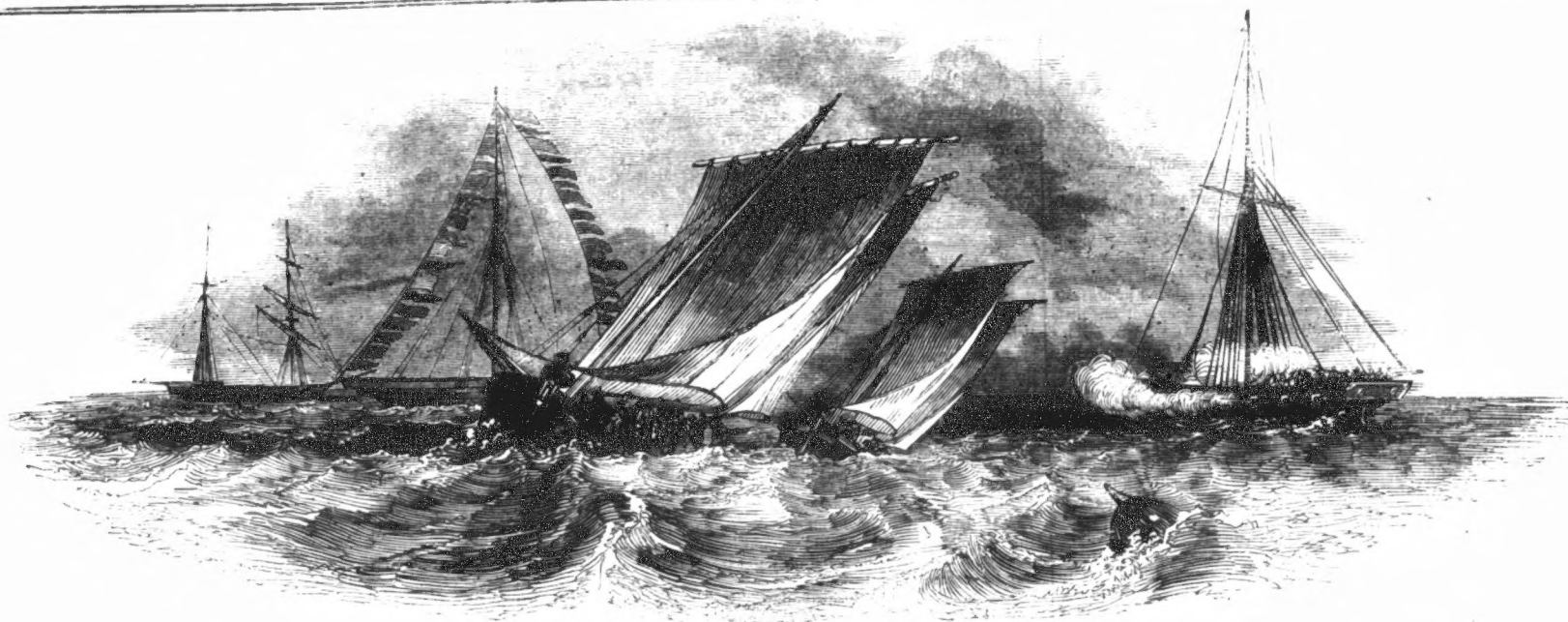
## A RIOT IN A FRENCH TOWN.

THE peaceful town of Morlaix in the Breton province of Brittany, was in a state of great excitement last evening, owing to one of the most extraordinary trials upon record. A man, belonging to some of the most respectable families of the town, including a lieutenant of the Breton brigade named Le Roy, was indicted for giving a *châtaignier*—the best translation of which is "rough music"—to the commissary of police, M. Jules Favre, was brought down from Paris to defend the accused. A veritable mistake on the part of the commissary of police was at the bottom of the affair. A young girl of seventeen, whose parents are lodging-house keepers at Morlaix, was employed by them to keep the register of all persons sleeping in the house, which people who let furnished lodgings are required to show to the police. Last June, the commissary being on the look-out for some book hawkers suspected of vending unlicensed literature, asked this girl whether two persons whom he named were in the house. She answered that which do not appear, said they were not; and the answer was untrue. When the commissary found that the men in question had been there, he severely reprimanded the master and mistress of the house, and they, to exonerate themselves, threw all the blame upon their daughter, and authorized the commissary to "give her a lesson," or, as it is vulgarly said, to "frighten her." He, with this intention, told one of his agents to bring the girl to his office, and keep her there till he came in. The man, misunderstanding his orders, put the girl in the lock-up cell, where she was detained, according to some witnesses one hour, and according to others three hours. This most unwarrantable act caused some commotion in the town, but it was speedily followed by something infinitely worse. The commissary has obtained a reputation for draconian severity in enforcing the laws placing courtesans under the surveillance of the police. His suspicious eye being now fixed upon the young daughter of the lodging-house keepers, he lent his ear to a malicious information laid by one of the frail sisterhood, accusing her poor lass of being one of them. Thereupon he inflicted upon her the last indignity which, in the point of view of French manners, can be inflicted upon a woman. He sent her a letter with her name and number extracted from his registry of bad women. The parents proved, and the commissary of police now admits, that there was no shadow of ground for the imputation upon the young girl. The thing got noised abroad, and *châtaigniers* produced as great a sensation in Morlaix, as the affair of Wat Tyler's daughter did in London, temp. Richard I. On the 13th of August two or three hundred people assembled round the commissary of police's house, hissing, hooting, and rattling pots and kettles. The three gentlemen who constituted the public force of the place were called out. They arrested a young man aged sixteen, who was exclaiming "Down with the commissary." A disposition being shown by the crowd to rescue this youth, the sub-prefect ordered the three gentlemen to "draw swords." Thereupon M. Le Roy, the lieutenant of firemen—one of the dons of a country town—interposed, stood between the gentlemen's horses and the mob, and exclaimed, "They shall never draw upon the people of Morlaix!" He then spoke to the major's clerk, promising that if the prisoner were given up the crowd would disperse quietly, and without more ado went into the guardhouse and brought him out. The people then went home, and the streets became quiet. It was for the riot and rescue under these circumstances that M. Le Roy and eight of his fellow-citizens were indicted. The public prosecutor made no account of the extreme provocation, saw nothing but the breach of the law, and the misprision of authority, and called for "severe repression." M. Jules Favre argued that in a case where the most flagrant and terrible breach of the law had in the first instance been committed by a representative of authority, the citizens who had resented the outrage under feelings of the most righteous indignation should be treated with the utmost indulgence. He represented that none of the so-called rioters had done anything more than make a noise. They had neither used nor threatened violence. And as to the alleged rescue by Lieutenant Le Roy, he might well have thought that in his position he was acting as one of the authorities, and exercising a wise discretion for the sake of the public peace. The court, however, found all the prisoners "Guilty," and passed sentences upon them, which, under the circumstances, must be considered severe. Some were sentenced to a month's imprisonment, some to fifteen days, and M. Le Roy to four days.

THE RESULTS OF FIRE INSURANCE.—We learn from the recently published report of the Royal Insurance Company that during the year 1865 life policies were granted amounting to £886,000, and the life and annuity funds were increased by £103,446 by the savings of the year. In the fire branch it appears that this company is receiving larger accessories to its English business than any other company, as according to the Government returns of duty. Supposing, for the sake of comparison, that it had all remained at the old rate of three per cent., no less than £17,700 more would have been paid by the Royal during 1865 than in the preceding year. The premiums last year on fire policies reached the sum of £14,000. With such sources of revenue as these, the Royal of course finds no difficulty in standing the shock of the late adverse experience of all insurance offices in fire losses; and it is very satisfactory to learn that after paying no less than £318,000 under this head in the twelve months ending December last, and declaring the usual dividend, the directors are still able to congratulate themselves on a reserve fund of £24,000 larger than it was three years back.

AMERICAN LADIES.—The *Round Table* published, some weeks ago, a statement that drunkenness was very common amongst American ladies belonging to "the best circles," that it was not unusual for them to appear drunk on Broadway, and that arrangements existed at the hotels and confectioners by which respectable female tipplers could obtain liquor secretly from the waiters, and have it charged in their bills as "extra lunches," or some other harmless luxury. The story was so very absurd that we believe nobody with much to do took the trouble of either noticing or refuting it. It has, however, been copied in England, and is now going the rounds of the press in that country. It may be readily imagined that it will not contribute much to the comfort of American ladies travelling in Europe, or to the consideration which they will receive in society, and we cannot help regretting that any American journal, laying claim to respectability, should have even for that darling object of newspaper ambition, the production of "a sensation," put such stuff into circulation. The business of blackening the character of our own wives and sisters is hardly one which a respectable journalist ought to take up. We need scarcely say that no American lady has ever been seen drunk in Broadway or any other street, and that the arrangements by which, according to the *Round Table*, they surreptitiously procure brandy at hotels and restaurants, exist only in the imagination of the moralist who so terribly scourges our corrupt society in the columns of that journal.—*New York Nation*.





THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST REGATTAS.—YAWL RACE.

## THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST REGATTAS.

THE annual regattas on our south-eastern coast this year have been very unfortunate affairs for the lovers of aquatic sports. Owing to the boisterous state of the weather, disappointments have been the rule. The Dover regatta was postponed twice, and although it duly came off on Monday last, the sea was exceedingly rough, and the sport was indifferent. The Ramsgate regatta, which should have come off on Tuesday, was postponed till Wednesday. Among the races which excited no little interest among the competitors, was the yawl-boats, an engraving of which we give above.

## SKETCHES FROM THE SEAT OF THE LATE WAR.—THE CASTLE OF STOLZENFELS, ON THE RHINE.

THE engraving which we this week give, illustrating scenes and places spoken of during the late Continental war, is the Castle of Stolzenfels, a Prussian palace on the Rhine, with night lights burning in honour of the Prussian victories. Stolzenfels Castle,

tradition, that within the walls of Stolzenfels a rich store of gold was concealed and buried; and Archbishop John of Baden made a fruitless attempt in searching and digging for the hidden wealth. The Rhine, now winding to the right, considerably expands in breadth, presenting the resemblance of a placid lake, surrounded and adorned with enchanting scenery.

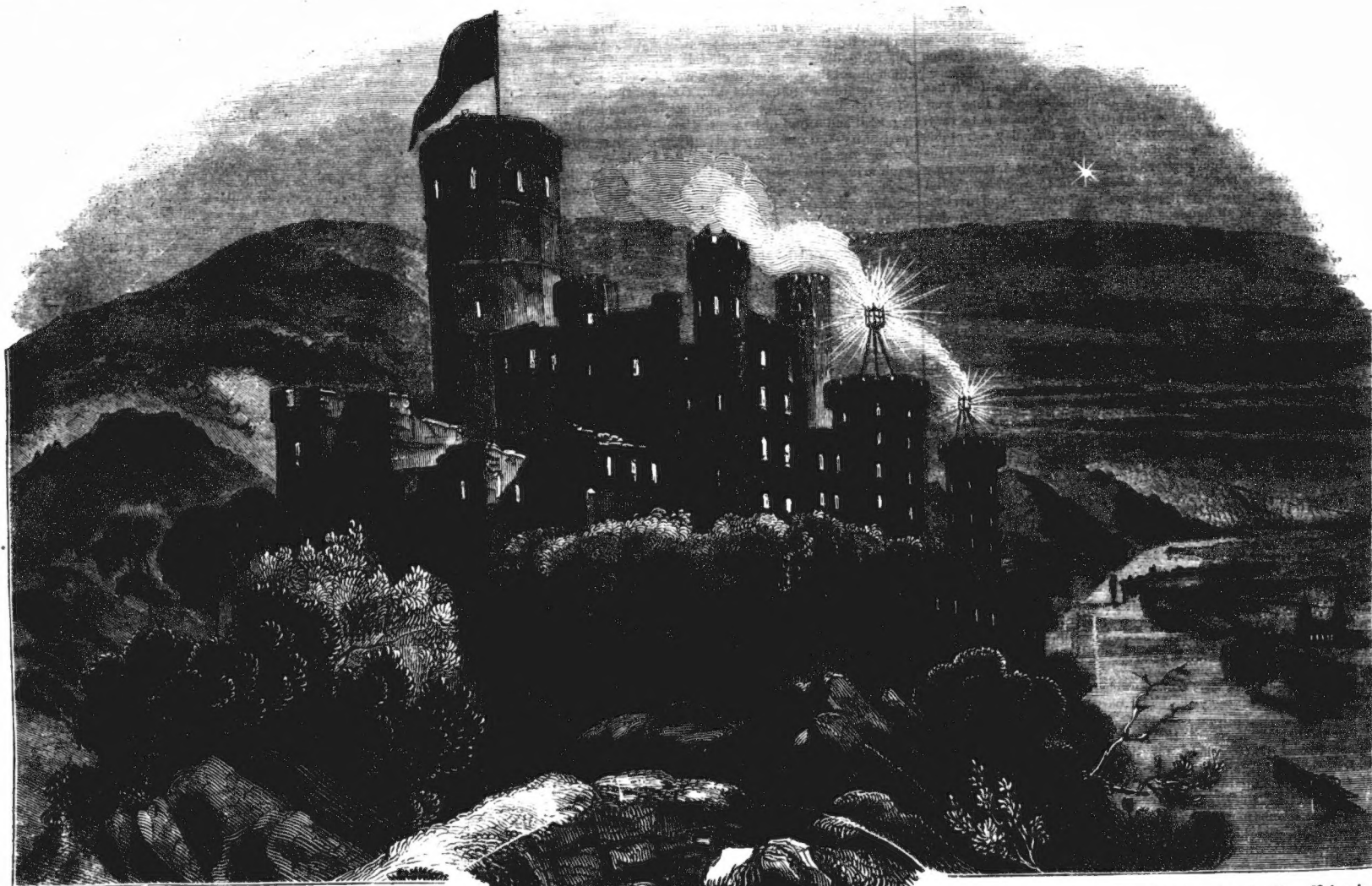
## FATAL ACCIDENT AT A BULL FIGHT.

A FATAL accident at a bull fight à l'Espagnol occurred in the old Roman Circus at Nîmes. A torreador, named Mateo Cabrera, was run through the chest by one of the bulls, and killed on the spot. The *Moniteur du Soir* gives the following account of the above catastrophe:—

"It was evident when the very first bull appeared that the pretended Spanish torreadors, or at least some of them, either knew nothing of their dangerous business, or were in such a state of excitement as to lose their heads. They irritated the bull in most unnecessary ways, and their rashness was only equalled by their awkwardness. At the beginning of the performance the bulls,

which, though good enough for our amateurs, were tame creatures indeed when compared with the genuine furious Spanish animals, knocked over several of the torreadors, though without hurting them. With the fourth bull the unfortunate Cabrera attempted the hoop game. But, instead of watching the bull's movements and holding the hoop on one side, so as to avoid the rush, he held it in both hands exactly before his breast, and the bull, after running his horns through the paper, transfixed the man. The other torreadors in the circus rushed to their comrade and picked him up. They opened his waistcoat to see where he was hurt. Supported by them he walked two or three steps, then slipped from their hands and fell heavily. A torrent of blood gushed from his breast, and he was quite dead. The sight of the blood caused great emotion among the audience, and several women fainted."

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* states that his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh will very shortly commission her Majesty's ship *Galatea* at Devonport. The *Galatea* is a frigate, and mounts twenty-six guns; she has a nominal horse-power of 800, and is

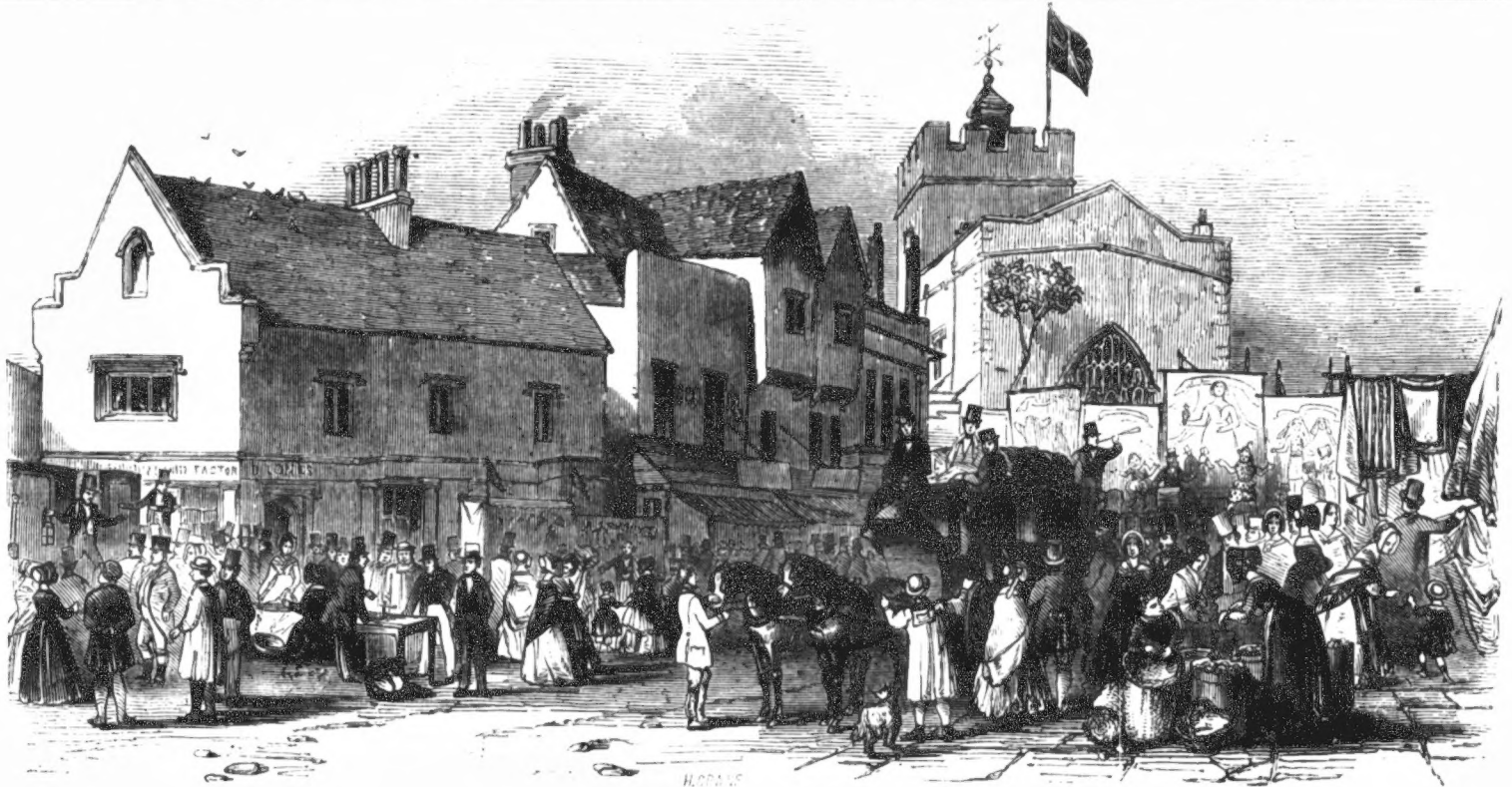


which by early writers is called "Die stolze Veste," was the residence of Archbishop Werner, who, infected with the prevailing enthusiasm of the age, imagined that by the power of alchemy gold could be produced, and became in consequence the dupe of certain designing alchemists, who took up their abode in the castle; but instead of increasing by their mysterious arts the treasury of the credulous prelate, they managed by their artifice, between the years 1388 and 1418, to despoil him of his already acquired riches, and to leave his coffers empty; whence arose the

3,227 tons burthen, or about 1,000 tons heavier than Nelson's old flag-ship and three-decker, the *Victory*. We believe that the prince has selected as his commander the late first lieutenant of her Majesty's ship *Racoon*, Commander Hugh Campbell, who was promoted to his present rank on the 18th of July last. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, editor of the *New York Herald*, is taxed for an income of £30,000. Forty-six years ago Mr. Bennett arrived in America, a Scotch youth of twenty, with less than £5 in his pocket.

SKETCHES FROM THE SEAT OF THE LATE WAR.—NIGHT SIGNALS FROM THE CASTLE OF STOLZENFELS ON THE RHINE.





BARNET ANNUAL FAIR.

A CHINESE SHAM SIEGE.

THE SUPPOSED ENEMY DEMANDING THE SURRENDER OF A PASTE-BOARD FORTRESS.

ALTHOUGH by no means devoid of that necessary element in military success, "pluck," nevertheless the Chinaman's theory of war is perhaps the most childish that can be readily imagined. Let it not, however, be supposed that he is indifferent to military glory; on the contrary, he is quite willing at any moment to face the world in arms, declaring his resolution to do physically what Brother Jonathan claims to be able to do morally, but doesn't—namely, to lick all creation. Battle-pieces representing hard-

fought fields, wherein whole arbours of laurels have been won by the invincible warriors of China, and where the Celestial arms have received an additional lustre—have at all times been favourite subjects with the Chinese artist, and, as a sequence, must have been equally so with the artist's customers. We have seen scores of paintings on rice paper, in which the English troops are made to cut rather a sorry figure, while the triumphant Chinese are literally rampant with victory, cutting up the barbarians into mincemeat, who on their part are so completely cowed that any attempt at opposition would seem to be simply out of the question.

From what we have been able to ascertain relative to the

Chinese troops since the last disagreement with this country, they would appear to have rather lost faith in the efficacy of the painted shields as a means of exciting a panic in the ranks of the enemy, although the shield as a guard is as much in vogue now as ever. John Chinaman is not given to change, and the matchlock is still his favourite weapon—it is, in fact, his Enfield rifle; while the bow and arrow have come to be regarded as a sort of Brown Bess. It is in siege operations, though, that the military mandarins shine, whether as regards attack or defence. Of their mode of attack in real warfare, we have not a sufficiency of details by us to enable us to come to a correct conclusion; but judging by their mode of defence, we should say that they are tolerably inde-



A CHINESE MOCK SIEGE.







nauseam, but still it is a subject that must be brought plainly before the public in order that the public themselves may regulate it. Abroad, as is well known, when people bathe on an open beach before a mixed crowd of spectators they have sufficient modesty and decorum to dress themselves in a fitting costume, and by this means friends and members of a family can all enjoy the luxury of a bath together without the slightest offence to anybody's feelings. This sociable way of taking a dip must be much pleasanter than our way. With us the idea of bathing promiscuously is looked upon as something highly indecorous, and an imaginary line is drawn between the bathers of either sex. How imaginary such a line is, we all know, for if the bathers are divided, they are near enough to the parade and each other to render such a division wholly illusory. And when we add that the female part of creation alone have any dress we think we have sufficiently explained the state of the gentlemen. Why should this state of things be any longer endured? Why should fathers of families, who have a certain amount of regard for the feelings of their wives and daughters, be compelled to subject them to such disgraceful scenes as these? It is trifling and ridiculous to quote the old proverb, so often put forward on these occasions, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Human nature will be human nature to the end of time, and such barefaced indecencies as we have described must have a contaminating effect on most minds.

#### GERMAN OPINION OF ENGLAND.

THE correspondent of the *Daily News* at Wiesbaden writes as follows to that journal:—

"It is impossible to associate with Germans of any class without being disagreeably struck with their persuasion that the power and fortunes of England are on the decline. This conviction, for to that it amounts, may be traced to three main causes—1, the late political conduct of the English Government; 2, the recent mistakes of English political opinion; 3, to the financial crisis of which England has been the scene. Perhaps also to their opinion of the increasing incapacity of the English aristocratic system of government.

"As the Northern States of America attribute the civil war to the policy of the English Government, so German opinion ascribes the resistance of Denmark in the Llbé Duchies to the position the English Government assumed in the earlier stages of that question. The obvious policy of England, they think, was to cultivate the closest relations with Prussia; whereas its government, they say, neglected Prussia, failed to appreciate its arms and its strength, placed itself in subordination to France, and encouraged France to play fast and loose in Europe. That question solved, England, they continue, in her wounded vanity, sukked, withdrew her observation from what was passing in Germany just at the moment greater events were brewing; only noticed German politics to abuse Prussia and excite divisions in that State, from first to last utterly failed to comprehend Bismarck's objects, and in her ignorance again entirely miscalculated the power, as well as the purpose, of that State. The consequence is, that in a period of European reconstruction, England has, they point out to you, no more influence in Europe than a small Baltic Power. France, on the contrary, they tell you, at least appreciated what was passing, took a correcter measure of the magnitude of Prussian objects and power to achieve them, and has maintained a voice in European affairs.

"You reply that England did this in a great measure designedly and of purpose—that she is resolved no longer to interfere in Continental politics—that her policy is the development of the resources of her own transmarine dominions—that she seeks to maintain her own greatness, and contribute to the world's happiness and wealth out of Europe. They smile at your answer—tell you the grapes are sour—that in such a policy are the seeds of retrogression and decay—that no rising Power ever played such part, and that as long as England was rising it did not. The truth is, they say, 'you have lost all influence in Europe, and you are attempting to conceal the loss from yourself by these statements, which are simply the expression of your want of capacity to deal with Europe in its present state, and to assist in its new organisation.' The French people are also getting rich, like the English, they argue, but they are not losing their interest in European affairs; they are not abandoning the *haute politique* for trade with China, India, Australia, or any other distant country. The growing wealth and prosperity are also accompanied by increasing political force. Why then should England alone be an exception to the general rule, unless because of approaching senility?

"Germany is crowded with Americans; everywhere they are treated with the greatest courtesy and respect, looked on and regarded as a rising people, and, in short, now occupy that place in popular esteem which twenty years ago the English did.

"You are, too, continually referred to the naval position of England. You have, they say to you, neither ships nor guns; the United States have already outstripped you in maritime armaments; France is gaining a head of you; Prussia will in a few years have a powerful navy; but despite the enormous expenditure of England on its navy, there is no adequate result; your First Lord of the Admiralty told Parliament, without contradiction, that he had not ships to relieve those coming home, and admitted that the English navy, as he received it from his predecessor, was not in the state he had a right to have expected it should be. What does all this, they ask, show, but deep-rooted incapacity in the highest places, striking at the very roots of the power and influence of England? Who will pay any attention to its wishes, its advice, its policy, if it has not a powerful navy? And it is confessed that England has not a competent navy. As for the English army, it only provokes a smile in Germany. It is, in their opinion, insufficient to provide against eventualities in India and in Canada, much less capable of making any impression in Europe.

"The recent financial disasters in England aggravate this low German estimate of England. Financial immorality, they tell you, prevails; capital is becoming scarce; the labour question threatens the commercial prosperity of the country; English credit is shaken all over Europe; the wealth of England is, they insist, also beginning to decline in comparison with that of other countries.

"This is the conversation I have had to listen to from Germans of intelligence of all classes. I record it because it is always useful to know what other people are thinking of us. It is not the whole truth, but that it contains truth it is impossible to deny."

#### MURDER OF A WARDER BY A CONVICT.

DURING the time the convicts were employed in Chatham Dockyard on Wednesday afternoon week a convict named James Fletcher, who is undergoing a lengthy period of penal servitude at the Chatham Convict Prison, murdered James Boyle, one of the warders. The convict who had made the attack on the warder had, it appeared, been reported by Boyle for some breach of convict discipline, for which he was placed in confinement for a few days. On being released he was sent to his work at stone breaking in Chatham Dockyard. Watching his opportunity when the warder was off his guard Fletcher made a most savage attack on him with the hammer used by him in breaking stones, the first blow aimed at him striking the unfortunate man on the forehead, fracturing his skull, and rendering him insensible. Before assistance came the convict followed up his attack by several other blows, any one of which would have been sufficient to cause death. The warder was immediately conveyed to the infirmary of the prison, and after lingering there in great agony until Saturday evening, he expired.

On Monday the coroner for Chatham, Mr. Thomas Hills, held an inquest at the Convict Prison on the body of the deceased.

The accused was brought into the room where the inquest was being held. He is a powerful young man, twenty-one years of age. He was convicted at the Central Criminal Court on the 18th of September, 1865, for a robbery, with violence, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

Sproule Irvine said: I am a civil guard belonging to this convict prison. The deceased was an assistant warder of the same prison, and thirty-seven years of age. On Wednesday last, the 6th of September, I was on duty in Chatham Dockyard, where a party of convicts were at work. The prisoner James Fletcher, now present, was one of a party consisting of about twenty men. They were all employed in breaking stones, the deceased being in charge. I was the guard, and it was my duty to render assistance in cases of violence. All persons in charge of the convicts are armed. The deceased had a sword, and I had firearms, with a bayonet. The prisoners came to work that afternoon at a quarter to two, and were employed at the lower end of the yard. All went on well until about ten minutes past five in the afternoon when my attention was attracted to Fletcher. He rose from the plank on which he was seated, breaking stones, and walked up to the deceased, who was standing close to him with his back towards him, and dealt him a violent blow with his hammer on the left cheek. He immediately followed up the attack by another blow, which felled the deceased to the ground, when he gave him a third blow on the right eye as he lay upon the ground. I produce the hammer, of which the iron weighs 4lb. I immediately went to the assistance of the deceased to prevent further violence. At that time the convict had left the deceased and was standing about eight yards away, with his hammer lifted. After I had picked him with the bayonet he dropped the hammer, but I do not remember he said a word. Some of the other convicts called out to me that they would serve me the same as Fletcher had the deceased. When I got up to Fletcher, two of the convicts, James Lynch and George Moore, had hold of the accused, and were trying to take the hammer away from him.

Daniel Blair, No. 7,698, said: I am a convict undergoing my sentence, and was with the working party in Chatham-dockyard on Wednesday afternoon last. We commenced work at a little after two, and were in charge of the deceased and the guard Irvine. Everything went on comfortably during the afternoon, and not a word was said until about five o'clock, when I saw Fletcher get up from the plank on which he was sitting and strike the deceased with his hammer. He never spoke a word to any one before he gave the blow. I was seated about ten yards from him. I saw Fletcher give the deceased only two blows. The first blow knocked the deceased down, and the man then gave him another blow with the hammer as he lay on the ground. The other men then got round the prisoner Fletcher, on which he threw up his arms, and said, "Men, don't strike me, I will give myself up." We called Mr. Irvine as soon as we could. The deceased had only joined the working party that afternoon; he had been in the party before, but not that morning, as he only came out of the cells that day.

The Coroner asked the accused if he wished to make any statement to the jury.

Fletcher said he did not. All he wished to say was that the officers of the prison wanted to try him themselves, and they had threatened to take his life. When he was in bed they threatened to take his life. Four or five of them came into the cells when he was in bed and did so. He did not want to say anything else.

The Coroner said the evidence appeared to be very conclusive, the statement of the medical witnesses showing that death arose from the violence inflicted by the accused. Then what did the crime resolve itself into? Certainly a brutal murder, and nothing else, and he thought the jury would have no difficulty in arriving at the same conclusion.

The jury immediately returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against James Fletcher.

SWINDLING BY A PRETENDED CAPTAIN.—On Monday, at the Windsor Borough Petty Sessions, a gentlemanly-attired fellow, of military appearance, wearing a light moustache, and who gave the name of Richard Bailey, was charged with stealing a sum of 3l from Mr. Burrows, a member of the medical profession and a visitor to Windsor. Under the cognomen of Captain Heneage he had made himself acquainted with Mr. Burrows, whom he had met during an angling excursion, and in the absence of that gentleman and his family had purloined the money in question. Mr. Burrows, who should have been present, failed to appear to prosecute, and the prisoner, a man of good appearance, and who appeared to feel acutely the position in which he was placed, was about to be remanded, when several persons entered the court in an excited manner in order to prefer various charges of swindling and robbery against him. Mr. J. Dickinson, of the Angler's Rest, Wraybury, stated that the prisoner had, after living at his house for two days, bolted in the night without paying his bill, and taking with him a clothes brush. To leave the house the prisoner must have jumped a distance of thirteen feet from the window. Mr. Alexander Whittell, the proprietor of the Horns Tavern, Kennington, said that on the 9th July the prisoner, who said he had been playing at cricket at the Oval, drove up in a cab to his hotel and requested accommodation. The prisoner gave his name as Captain Watkins, and remained at the Horns till the 25th July, when he left without paying his "little bill." The next morning Mrs. Whittell's gold watch was missed, and had not since been heard of. While staying at the Horns he represented that he belonged to the 23rd Brigade Royal Artillery, stationed at Shorncliffe.

#### Sporting.

##### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

A few bets on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire wound up Monday's proceedings, and, as many of those present were going to Doncaster by the five o'clock train, the business terminated at an unusually early hour. The prices are as follows:—

CEsAREWITCH.—300 to 10 agst Mr. G. Payne's Brademante, 5 yrs, 7st 5lb. (t); 400 to 10 agst Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Princess of Wales, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb. (t).

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—1,000 to 20 agst Mr. Bowes's Klariska, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb. (t); 1,000 to 20 agst Mr. F. Swindell's Pro-perance, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb. (t).

##### THE ST. LEGER RACE.

This race, run at Doncaster, on Wednesday, resulted thus:—

Lord Lyon	...	...	...	(Custance)	1
Savernake	...	...	...	...	2
Knight of the Crescent	...	...	...	...	3

Eleven ran.

##### THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

MONDAY last, September 10th, was the eleventh anniversary of the memorable fall of Sebastopol. We, therefore, take the opportunity of giving two full-page illustrations of the results of that eventful siege. One of them is the burning and evacuation of Sebastopol by the Russians, and the other is the appearance of the city a day after, authentic sketches taken at the time. We shall not attempt to describe the incidents of the attack, but confine ourselves to the engravings given, taken from a correspondent's letter, published at the time:—

"The wonder of all visitors to the ruins of Sebastopol is divided—they are astonished at the strength of the works, and that they were ever taken; they are amazed that men could have defended them so long with such ruin around them. These feelings are apparently in opposition to each other, but a glance at the place would explain the apparent contradiction. It is clear, in the first place, that the fire of our artillery was searching out every nook and corner in the town, and that it would become utterly impossible for the Russians to keep any body of men to defend their long line of parapet and battery without such murderous loss as would speedily annihilate an army. Their enormous bomb-proofs, large and numerous as they were, could not hold the requisite force to resist a general concerted attack made all along the line with rapidity and without previous warning. On the other hand, the strength of the works themselves is prodigious. Our engineers say 'they are badly traced,' and that kind of thing; but it is quite evident that the Russian, who is no match for the allies in the open field, has been enabled to sustain the most tremendous bombardments ever known, and an eleven months' siege, that he was rendered capable of repulsing one general assault, and that a subsequent attack upon him at four points was only successful at one, which fortunately happened to be the key of his position, and the inference is that his engineers were of consummate ability, and furnished him with artificial strength that made him equal to our best efforts.

"Descending from the Malakoff, we come upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea; it is filled with dead. The Russians have crept away into holes and corners in every house, to die like poisoned rats; artillery horses, with their entrails torn open by shot, are stretched all over the space at the back of the Malakoff, marking the place where the Russians moved up their last column to retake it under the cover of a heavy field battery. Every house, the church, some public buildings, sentry-boxes, all alike are broken and riddled by cannon and mortar. Turning to the left, we proceed by a very tall, snow-white wall of great length to the dockyard gateway. This wall is pierced and broken through and through with cannon. Inside are the docks, which, naval men say, are unequalled in the world. Gates and store sides are splintered and pierced by shot. There are the stately dockyard buildings on the right, which used to look so clean, and white, and spruce. Parts of them are knocked to atoms, and hang together in such shreds and patches that it is only wonderful they cohere. The soft white stone of which they and the walls are made, is readily knocked to pieces by a cannon shot.

"Even in this extreme of desolation, however, enough remains to suggest how fine—almost grand—must have been the structures thus ruthlessly destroyed. The general character of these piles of buildings resemble in some degree that of the quadrangle of the Admiralty and other adjacent offices in Somerset House. Crossing one of the intervening esplanades, I rode through a wide gap in the wall separating it from the buildings of the dockyard, and entered the road leading down to the series of basins and locks, of which, with the workshops, this great establishment is composed. Its low situation appears to have saved this extensive naval quarter from much of the injury which has fallen so destructively everywhere else, as only here and there are the marks of a shot or shell to be seen. The masonry of these splendid basins equalled, if not surpassed, both in finish and solidity, anything to be seen either in Portsmouth or Woolwich. In one of the largest of the locks lay the still smoking remains of a large war steamer, with the machinery, paddles, and other solid iron fittings standing all complete, though, of course, much damaged by the fire. Outside all these, and on the bank of the channel which opens into the creek, stood the charred remains of the huge shears. Then came ruins of burnt and sunken boats of all sizes, from a captain's gig to a fifty ton lighter; and further out in the creek still, the mast-heads of a sunken brig. The road then passes down the stone quay, flanked on one side by the waters of the creek, on the other side by a continuous pile of lofty two-storied buildings, used apparently for all three purposes of public offices, naval stores, and hospitals.

"Towards the extremity of the quay is a new half-finished building of cut stone, of similar architectural character to the line of edifices along the front of which I had already passed. Even it, far removed as it is from the scene of action above, bore not a few traces of cannon shot, many a handsomely chiselled cornice and well-fitted joining having been shattered and displaced by a stray long-ranger. Besides blowing up Fort Paul, the Russians had burned several rows of small buildings in this neighbourhood, and the fallen-in roofs of these were still smouldering as I rode along."

EXCELSIOR PRIZE MEDAL FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERY MACHINES for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; do all every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Whight and Mann, (43, Holborn Bars, London). Manufacturer, Ipswich. (Advertisement.)

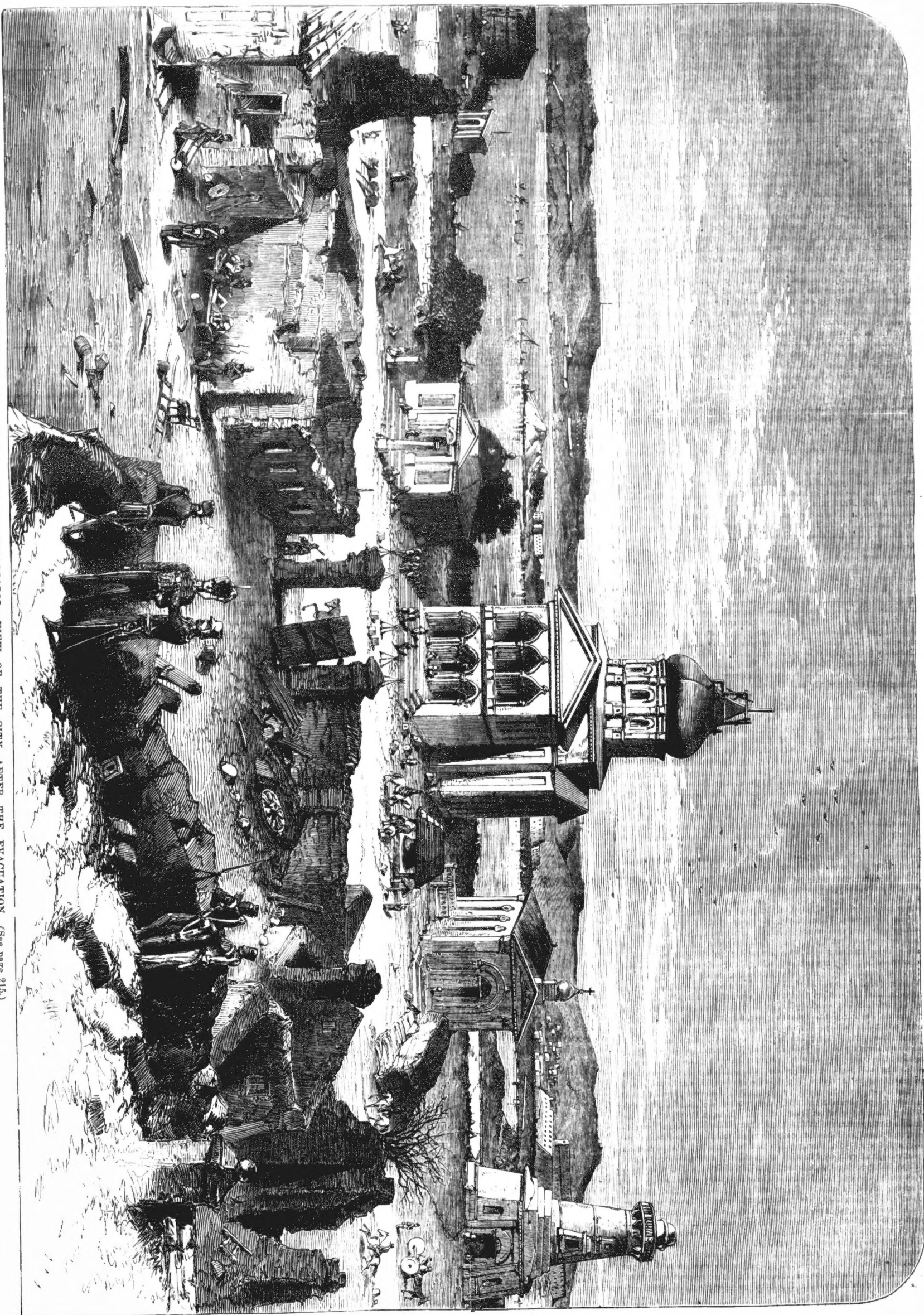




ANNIVERSARY OF THE FALL OF SEVASTOPOL.—THE FIRING OF THE CITY AND EVACUATION BY THE RUSSIANS, SEPTEMBER 10, 1855. (See page 215.)



ANNIVERSARY OF THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.—VIEW OF THE CITY AFTER THE EVACUATION. (See page 215.)





## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**HAYMARKET.**—Miss Amy Sedgwick brings her short but highly successful season here to a close this evening (Saturday), when the talented manageress will suit in the part of Mrs. Haller in "The Stranger." On Monday, "The Hunchback" was performed, with Miss Amy Sedgwick as Julia, and Mr. Clarence Holt as Master Walter. Wednesday evening Mr. John Nelson took his benefit, playing Claude Melnotte to Miss Amy Sedgwick's Pauline, the latter afterwards delivering the speech of Sergeant Buzfuz from "Pickwick." Last evening was set apart for the benefit of Miss Sedgwick.

**MARYLEBONE.**—On Saturday evening, Mr. Cave began his ninth year of occupancy of this house, which was crowded to excess. The performances began with an interesting drama, entitled "Money and Misery," written by Mr. John Wilkin, and performed here for the first time on this occasion by permission of Mr. Nelson Lee. The pantomime of "Mother Goose" was performed with the same cast as at Sadler's Wells, but its success was not great.

**OLYMPIC.**—On Monday evening the comic drama, "All that Glitters is not Gold," was followed by Mr. Planché's new burlesque, "Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Servants." The opening of the first act introduces the audience to Aaron Dunover (Mr. Rivers) and his daughters, the Hon. Miss Perlina (Miss Schavey), the Hon. Miss Florina (Miss Spencer), and the Hon. Miss Myrtina (Miss E. Farren), the last of whom, by royal license from the fairy tribe, assumes the name and arms of Fortunio. Succeeding this comes a cleverly executed ballet by the sisters Clara, Laura, Netty, and Barbara Morgan, and no long time elapses before the seven gifted servants appear as Strongback (Miss Davis), Light-foot (Miss E. Wilson), Marksman (Miss Cross), Fine Ear (Miss Florence), Oisterer (Miss Murray), Gormand (Miss Norton), and Tippler (Miss Lewis), each of whom is supposed to justify the appellations bestowed, Miss Minnie Sydney taking the part of the Elf Queen; while, passing from gay to grave, a desperate-looking dragon makes his appearance and secures the whole stage to himself, until the daring spear of the boldest of the gifted ones quenches the life of the terrible one by its fierce and fatal stroke. The principal scene of the second act introduces a race. The piece was got up with care, the scenery excellent, and was very creditably presented.

**ADELPHI.**—The season terminated here on Saturday evening last with the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Billington, who then made their first appeal to their friends. The performances commenced with the comedy of "The Serious Family," the beneficiaries being included in the cast, in association with Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Simms, and Mr. Atkins, who had added his services to those of the company. The second act of "The Green Bushes" followed, with Mrs. Billington for the first time as Miami, and Mrs. Alfred Mellon for the first time as Geraldine. Mr. Billington was Connor O'Kennedy, Mr. Atkins Master Grunidge, and Mr. Paul Bedford, as he was originally, Jack Gong. The operatic burlesque of "Helen" terminated the performances. The house was crowded, and the performances passed off admirably.

**SURREY.**—This establishment re-opened on Saturday evening under the joint management and lesseeship of Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick, whose names were long associated in the management of the old Surrey Theatre. The gallery has been rebuilt, and is now much more commodious than when the building was reconstructed. The performances commenced with a new comedietta by Mr. Rophino Lacy, in which Mr. Nelson, from the Liverpool Theatre, and Mr. J. Irving, from the Haymarket, made a first appearance at this theatre, and were favourably received. The great feature of the evening was the T. P. Cooke prize drama, entitled, "True to the Core," of which Mr. A. R. Slous is the author. The piece, which is in four acts, is founded upon events connected with the descent of the "Invincible Armada" of Spain upon the shores of England. The first act opens with a view of the summit of the noble Hoe at Plymouth, which forms a capital background for the performance of an old English morris dance. Then appears upon the stage the representatives of the great names which rendered famous the times of 1588, among such names those of Howard of Effingham, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John Hawkins, and Sir Martin Frobisher. The principal characters, however, are Master Truegold (Mr. Creswick), a Devonshire pilot, the keeper of the ancient beacon at Plymouth Hoe, and who superadds to these offices that of mine host of the Pelican; Mabel Truegold, his wife (Miss Kate Saville), who rejoices in the proud title of the Rose of Devon; Wallet (Mr. Shepherd), a pretended pedlar, but one who under that guise conceals the character of one of those trusty agents by whom Sir Francis Walsingham was enabled so successfully to outwit the most cunning of his adversaries; Geoffrey Dangerfield (Mr. Henry Marston), a Jesuit priest, but who, under the name of Adam Musgrave, could show the exterior of a polished English gentleman; and Marah (Miss Georgiana Pannecorft), a gipsy girl, whose ubiquity and whose secrecy were sufficient to defeat the most deep-laid schemes of subtlety. In brief, the plan of the plot was after this fashion:—Dangerfield, acting in league with the Governor of Plymouth and other malcontent gentlemen of Devonshire, is in secret communication with Don Diego de Valdez (Mr. Edgar), admiral of the vanguard division of the armada, and endeavours to practise upon the invulnerable fidelity of the fearless Devonshire pilot, while his vindictiveness towards "Flash of the Fire," the Spanish gipsy, turns her into a formidable and constant enemy. Both of these, somehow or other, get within the gripe of their implacable foe, and find an unwelcome home on the ship of the Spanish admiral, whose threats of torture against the bold pilot issue in the latter carrying the ship straight on to the fatal rock of Eddystone, whence, after sundry strange adventures, the survivors (the principal actors) are at last rescued by the crew of an English vessel. All this is worked out in a manner so melodramatic as to be remarkable even amid the prevailing passion for what is sensational. Miss Kate Saville, who made a first appearance at this theatre, and Miss Georgiana Pannecorft, sustained their respective parts with much care, discrimination, and force. Mr. Henry Marston had studied his part with great care, and rendered it with much effect; and the lengthened and cordial greetings with which Mr. Creswick and Mr. Shepherd were hailed showed the estimation in which they were held. The scenery, which is chiefly the work of Mr. Gates, though Mr. Gowrie, Mr. Gauntlett, Mr. Adams, and others, have been associated with him, deserves high praise, especially the scene representing the deck of the Spanish flagship, and the following one which portrays the old Eddystone Rock. The house was crammed in every part. The applause was loud and long, and the reception accorded to the piece promises it a successful run.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—Mr. R. Edgar, in conjunction with Miss Marriott, has again re-opened this house of the legitimate drama. The season commenced on Thursday evening with "Othello,"

and a new farce entitled "Pyramus and Thisbe." This evening (Saturday) Miss Marriott will appear as Julia in "The Hunchback."

**NEW ROYALTY.**—Miss M. Oliver re-opened this pretty little theatre on Saturday evening last with the new burlesque founded on Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and written by Mr. Reece, and it may be taken as one of the best burlesques produced at this establishment. The house, since its close at the end of last season, has been redecorated, and many graceful improvements have been introduced. Miss M. Oliver gives her personal superintendence, and those who remember her former efforts need not fear that she will maintain the good reputation that she made for the theatre. The burlesque has been produced with great care in every detail. The scenery is excellent, the comic singing all that could be desired, and the dances are absurd enough, and the dresses pretty and effective. Miss Oliver sustains the part of Helen, in the "Lady of the Lake," and her dancing and singing elicited frequent encores. King James was allotted to Miss Rosina Rance; Roderick Dhu, the rebel, falls into the hands of Miss Taylor, and Miss H. Lindley performs Helen's lover, Malcolm Grange; Mr. E. Danvers, in the part of Blanche, is very humorous. Mr. Stevens, as McHowler, the family bard, was very successful, and it produced a dull effect to see Douglas in the closing scene appear as an acrobat. The piece promises to have a long run. It concluded with "The Cozy Couple" and "His Last Legs," which were well received. The house was crowded to overflow, and plaudits and laughter reigned predominant.

**PAVILION.**—This East-end theatre has again re-opened for the dramatic season. The pieces performed during the week have been "The Juggler of Paris," and "The Mariner's Compass."

**LYCEUM.**—Mr. Fechter re-opens this establishment this evening (Saturday) with a new drama, by Mr. Boucicault, entitled "The Long Strike," in which Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault will appear.

**PRINCE OF WALES.**—This evening (Saturday) Miss Marie Wilton again resumes the management of this theatre, and re-opens with a comedy, in three acts, entitled "Ours," followed by the comic drama of "The Pas de l'Amour," in which Miss Lydia Thompson will sustain the principal character.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—On Sunday there was another gathering of the friends of the Sunday League at this delightful place of resort. The day was much more propitious than the preceding Sunday, and the vast and delighted assemblage enjoyed a splendid day of rational amusement. Monday was Mr. Nelson Lee's great day, when the amusements were on a gigantic scale. On Thursday there was another illumination of the fountains with fireworks. The usual great Autumn Choral Festival of 5,000 voices, conducted by Mr. G. W. Martin, will be held this day (Saturday). The programme consists of two parts, sacred and secular. Some of the pieces are arranged for four treble voices, and will be given by a thousand voices to a part. This will be the only shilling Saturday in the year.

**CHORUS.**—Mr. Adams, so well known and respected at this popular place of amusement, took his benefit here on Wednesday evening.

**HIGHBURY BARN.**—There was a large gathering here on Monday evening, the occasion being for the benefit of Mr. Taylor, the treasurer. The varied and attractive amusements always to be found in the theatre and grounds were all entered upon with the utmost spirit.

**AN UNREHEARSED SCENE.**—On Friday night week, about the close of the Victoria Theatre performances, one of the lionesses made an attack on her keeper as he was about leaving the cage. The animal, from some cause, caught the keeper by his leg, and severely scratched his flesh, but by his timely chastisement the brute ceased any further violence. This lioness is one of the most restless of the whole collection.

**BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.**—Earl Beauchamp has accepted the office of President of the Triennial Festival, to be held at Birmingham, in the autumn of 1867, in aid of the funds of the General Hospital.

**ACCIDENT TO AN ARTIST IN THE ALPS.**—We regret to hear that Mr. Telbin, the eminent scenic artist, has received a telegram announcing a serious, and it is feared fatal, accident which has befallen his son in crossing a glacier in the Alps.

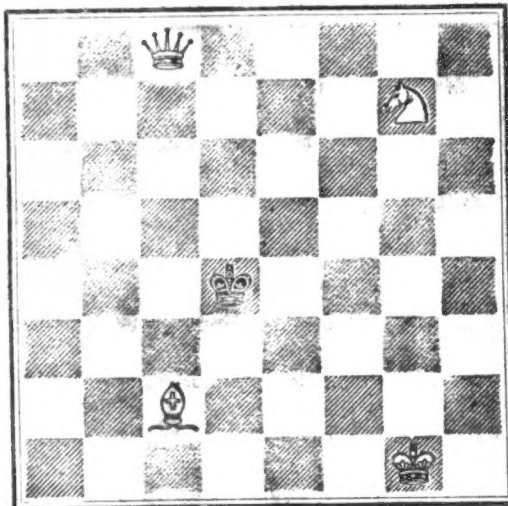
**MR. STEVEN W. NEW** expired last week at his residence, No. 21, Burton-crescent, aged forty-eight, after a severe illness of disease of the lungs, &c. Our readers may remember him as a favourite of the Old Dr. Johnson Tavern, and subsequently musical director and chairman of some of our principal music halls. He was for some years organist at the Portland Chapel, Portland-street, Oxford-street, and the composer of nearly 100 songs and ballads. His last composition, "Tapping at the Garden-gate" (sung by Miss Poole), has been deservedly spoken most highly of. Several of his ballads have appeared in Bow Bells, and are very pretty compositions.

**ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE A PRUSSIAN OFFICER.**—In a speech of Count Bismarck, which was published yesterday, occurs an allusion to Bavarian soldiers firing upon Prussian officers from railway carriages, which is based upon the following statement of facts from the *Elberfelder Zeitung*, dated Aschaffenburg, Sept. 2:—"It seems incredible, but we have now full confirmation of the report, that an attempt at murder was committed on the 26th of August, by a Bavarian soldier, at Stockstadt, upon a Prussian officer. An extra train conveyed the Bavarian troops, who were in a state of the greatest excitement, from the fortress of Mayence, over Darmstadt to Aschaffenburg, at about the same time as the Prussian troops marched into the fortress. Shortly before the train arrived at Aschaffenburg, a Prussian officer, belonging to the Prussian garrison of occupation at that town, got out at the station of Stockstadt, because, from what he had seen and heard of the Bavarian soldiers in the train, he did not deem it prudent to alight along with them on the arrival at Aschaffenburg. He had, however, scarcely left the carriage when a shot was fired at him from a compartment filled with Bavarian soldiers, which fell the officer to the ground. The train proceeded as if nothing had happened, and upon its arrival at Aschaffenburg the soldiers were allowed to roam all over the place, though they had to leave their rifles at the station, but retaining their side arms. The Prussian officer, who was severely wounded, his right hip having been shot through, so that the ball passed out on the other side, was conveyed to the military hospital at the Herstattthor before Aschaffenburg. His name is Von Fritsche, and he is first lieutenant of the 59th infantry regiment."

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**, for children teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known; it is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest; it softens the gums and allays all pain or irritation; it regulates the bowels, cures wind colic, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 1s. 1ld. per bottle. Full directions on the bottles.—[Advertisement.]

## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 362.—By Mr. W. Greenwood (Sutton Mill).  
Black.



White.  
White to move, and mate in four moves.

Brilliant little game played between Mr. Bradley and an amateur.

- | White.<br>Mr. Bradley.    | Black.<br>Amateur. |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. P to K 4               | 1. P to K 4        |
| 2. K Kt to K B 2          | 2. Q Kt to K B 3   |
| 3. K B to Q B 4           | 3. K B to Q B 4    |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4            | 4. B takes P       |
| 5. P to Q B 3             | 5. B to Q B 4      |
| 6. P to Q 4               | 6. P takes P       |
| 7. Castles                | 7. P to Q 3        |
| 8. P takes P              | 8. B to Q Kt 3     |
| 9. Q B to Q Kt 2          | 9. K Kt to B 3 (a) |
| 10. P to Q 5              | 10. Kt to K 2      |
| 11. Q B takes Kt          | 11. P takes B      |
| 12. Kt to K R 4           | 12. R to K Kt (b)  |
| 13. K to R (c)            | 13. Q B to K Kt 5  |
| 14. Q to Q 3              | 14. Q to Q 2       |
| 15. P to K B 4            | 15. Castles        |
| 16. P to K R 3            | 16. B to K R 4     |
| 17. P to Q R 4 (d)        | 17. Kt to K Kt 3   |
| 18. Kt to K B 5           | 18. Kt to K 2      |
| 19. Kt takes Kt           | 19. Q takes Kt     |
| 20. Kt to Q B 3           | 20. R to K Kt 2    |
| 21. P to Q R 5            | 21. B to Q B 4     |
| 22. Q R to Q Kt           | 22. Q B to K Kt    |
| 23. Q R to Kt 2           | 23. R to K Kt 6    |
| 24. Q to Q Kt (e)         | 24. R takes Kt     |
| 25. R takes Q Kt P        | 25. K B to Q Kt 3  |
| 26. B to Q R 6            | 26. B to K 7       |
| 27. R takes Q R P, dis ch | 27. B takes B      |
| 28. R takes B             | 28. K to Q Kt 2    |
| 29. P takes B             | 29. K takes R      |
| 30. Q to Q R (ch)         | 30. K takes P      |
| 31. Q takes R             | 31. Resigns        |

(a) K Kt to K 2 is now generally preferred at this point.  
(b) Premature. He ought rather to have Castled, or played Kt to K Kt 3.

(c) Kt to K B 5 also looks a tempting move at this juncture. If Black in reply play R to K Kt 4, White rejoins with P to K R 4, &c.

(d) He might also have played B to Q Kt 5, followed by K R to Q B square.

(e) The sacrifice of the Knight is very cleverly conceived; and the terminating moves will well repay examination. At first sight, it seems that Black might save the game by R takes K R P (ch), &c.

- | SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 365. |                  |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| White.                       | Black.           |
| 1. B to K Kt 3 (ch)          | 1. Q takes B (a) |
| 2. Q takes P (ch)            | 2. K takes Q     |
| 3. B to Q B 6 (ch)           | 3. K moves       |
| 4. Q P mates                 |                  |
- (a) If K to K 5, Q takes P and mates next move.
- | SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 366. |              |
|------------------------------|--------------|
| White.                       | Black.       |
| 1. R to R 8                  | 1. B takes R |
| 2. Kt to Q 5                 | 2. Any move  |
| 3. Kt mates                  |              |
- | SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 367. |               |
|------------------------------|---------------|
| White.                       | Black.        |
| 1. B to K B 4                | 1. P takes B  |
| 2. Kt to K 4                 | 2. P moves    |
| 3. Kt to Kt 3                | 3. P takes Kt |
| 4. P mates                   |               |
- | SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 368. |                          |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| White.                       | Black.                   |
| 1. R to K B 3                | 1. R takes R (a) (b) (c) |
| 2. P mates                   |                          |
| 1. . . . . (a)               | 1. B takes R             |
| 2. Kt to Q B 3, mate         |                          |
| 1. . . . . (b)               | 1. P or Kt takes R       |
| 2. P or Kt mates             |                          |
| 1. . . . . (c)               | 1. Q to Q B 5            |
| 2. R mates                   |                          |

BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!!—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1831. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings Lists free. 29, Minors, London.—[Advertisement.]  
In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]



# Tato and Police.

## POLICE COURTS.

**SINGULAR CHARGE OF PERJURY.**—Charles Mayhew, an elderly man, described on the charge-sheet as an agent, residing at No. 2, Vernon-place, Bloomsbury-square, was placed at the bar, before Alderman Abbes, on a charge of perjury. Mr. Nelson, the City solicitor, prosecuted; and Mr. Sorrell appeared for the prisoner. Mr. Nelson said he appeared in his official capacity to prosecute the prisoner. When jurymen were summoned at the Lord Mayor's Court, and did not attend, they were fined, and the prisoner seemed to make it a practice to ascertain the names of those fined for non-attendance, and then to come forward and make a false affidavit in order to get them excused from the fine. This had been reduced to such a system that some gentlemen never appeared in the jury-box at all, while others who did attend to their duties were continually complaining that they were taken away from their business much more frequently than they ought to be, in consequence of the non-attendance of others who ought to serve. In the present case he was prosecuting the prisoner for having committed perjury in making an affidavit which was false, in order to get the fine which had been indicted on the juror for not attending remitted. He had several cases against him; that he should first proceed with would be that which concerned Mr. Robert Alexander Bentham, the manager of the Imperial Bank, in Lothbury. He was duly summoned to attend as a juror in the Lord Mayor's Court, and was fined £10 for non-attendance. Subsequently the defendant made the following affidavit:—"In the Mayor's Court, London, I, Charles Mayhew, clerk to Mr. Robert Alexander Bentham, of No. 6, Lothbury, in the City of London, banker, make oath and say as follows:—1. That the said Robert Alexander Bentham left London for the Christmas holidays on the 12th day of December last, and did not return until the 1st day of January instant. 2. That it was not brought to the knowledge of the said Robert Alexander Bentham that he had been summoned to attend the Honourable Court as a juror on the 23rd day of December last, owing to his absence as aforesaid. Sworn at the Mayor's Court-office, London, this 22nd day of January, 1866, before me, Richard J. Pawley. Charles Mayhew." Circumstances came to the knowledge of the City authorities that these practices were systematically carried out, and they at once commenced proceedings to put a stop to them. He had a mass of evidence in other cases, but he wished to select that upon which he could rely. The prisoner was then remanded, but bail was accepted for his appearance, himself in £300, and one surety in £300.

## CLERKENWELL.

**A SCENE FOR A PANTOMIME.**—A FISHMONGER'S SHOP IN AN UPPOUR.—Ellen Loug, of 69, Upper Bernmont-street, Caledonian-road, was summoned before Mr. D'Eyncourt for unlawfully and willfully causing damage to a quantity of fish, the property of Benjamin Hillmer, fried-fish seller, of 23, Clayton-street, Islington. The complainant said that he was uncle to the defendant, and on the 30th ult. the defendant came round to his shop, and he then told her that he wanted to have nothing to say to her, but that he should like to see her husband relative to some remarks that she had made about his wife. This seemed to arouse her ire, for she took up a whole heap of gurnets and threw them, not only at him, but about the place, and his shop, he could assure the magistrate, was quite in an uproar. (A laugh.) She spoiled quite four shillings' worth of fish, and that was no joke; and to make the matter worse a mob got round the shop, and they also joined in the fun. She was very violent, and when her mother told her to leave off she would not take any notice of her, and behaved in such a way that he thought she was mad; and had she not gone away he should have been driven out of his mind. Both he and her were sober, and that made the matter more strange—(a laugh)—for he had given her no provocation. The defendant, in rather an excited tone, said that she did not destroy four shillings' worth of fish, for that was more than he had in at a time. He threw some fish at her, and, of course, she returned the compliment, and should do so again if she was insulted. Mr. D'Eyncourt asked the complainant if it was true that he had hit the defendant and thrown fish at her. The complainant: Well, when she abused my wife, I did throw a "minute" fish at her, but I am sure I did not hurt her. Mr. D'Eyncourt said he could not decide who was to blame in the matter, and dismissed the summons. The decision was hailed with clapping of hands.

## WORSHIP STREET.

**DOMESTIC DIFFERENCES.**—John Savage, aged 24, and George Savage, his father, were charged before Mr. Cooke with assaulting and beating Mrs. Emma Savage, wife of the first defendant. The complainant said: I have one child, and have been married four years to my husband, in whose father's house we have lived for the last two years. For the last three months my husband has not spoken to me. I am obliged to live in a separate room, where there is neither chair nor table; I sit on the floor, I take my meals on the door, and I sleep on a bed on the floor. My meals are sent up to me, and my husband will neither eat with me, sleep with me, nor speak to me. On Thursday week I went to the house of my aunt, the only friend I have, to complain to her, and on coming home expected my supper. I waited in my room five minutes, but no notice was taken, and hearing their doors shut, as if going to bed, and thinking I should be kept without my supper, as I had been before, I went down stairs to where my husband was sleeping, and asked him if he would let me have it. He said no, and that if I wanted my supper I must go to the workhouse for it, as I should not have it there. His father from his own bedroom called me a foul name, and on my telling him I was speaking to my husband he came down, used a vile expression, seized hold of me, threw me out of the room, and I fell, and screamed, "Murder!" His daughter came down, and I got up and went into the kitchen, where the father, though he called me the vilest names he could, was about to give me some supper, when my husband got out of bed, came out to me, said he would settle me this time, and, seizing hold of me, shook me, knocked my head against the wall, and hurt my wrists and hands. His father interfered, and said he should not beat me any more, and after he had abused me very badly I went up to my room to sleep on the floor. My husband has kicked me before. He says I have a bad temper; but I have not; and have only remonstrated with him when he stays out late. I don't want him hurt; I have always been a good and true wife to him, and the only wish I have is that he will take me away from his relations and out of their house. Mrs. Parker, the aunt, said the complainant came

to me next morning, and I saw her knuckles were cut, and she had bruises on her arms. She has been kept without her supper before. Her husband has struck her before, when they lived with me, and I have told him he must not hit her, as she is too weak to bear it. The husband said: I have been suffering from heart disease, and, as the least excitement makes my heart beat so violently, that I can scarcely breathe or speak, the doctors say I must be kept very quiet or I shall suddenly lose my life. My wife is nine years older than I am, and, as I am in such a state, I married her in the hope that I should have a quiet, peaceful life. Unfortunately for me, she is an actress, earning more than my income, and she never leaves me a quiet moment. She goes off to theatres, at Guernsey and other places, and leaves me at home to do the best I can for a long time together, though she knows I am so ill I cannot get out of bed. She abuses me so much that I am glad to go to a coffee-house for meals, but I never struck her, and if I have hurt her wrists I am sorry for it, but it was only while holding her to keep her quiet, she came home so violent and made such a disturbance. The elder defendant said he did his best to make peace between them, and that only. Mr. Cooke: It was a painful case; another instance of those where husband and wife might live very well together but for the interference of relatives. He did not think the elder defendant behaved ill to her, as he, in fact, got her her supper, and when he found his son inclined to ill-use his wife he interposed to protect her. He should, therefore, order his discharge; but the husband's conduct he considered different. However irritable his wife might be, he had no right to use violence to her. He had, at all events, threatened her and behaved very improperly to her, and he must now find two sureties in £30 each to be answerable for his keeping the peace towards her for the next six months.

**AN OLD TRICK.**—George Styles, 32, of Caledonian-road, Islington, betting man, and Henry Harvey, of Underwood-street, City-road, butcher, were charged with being concerned with another man not in custody in stealing a silver watch, meerschaum pipe, and money, the property of James Penn, a painter in Wood-street, Walthamstow. Mr. B. J. Abbott appeared for the prisoner Styles. The prosecutor, aged 21, said he was looking in a draper's window in Bishopsgate-street on Saturday evening, when Styles did the same, got him into conversation, and told him he had just come up from Ipswich for an evening's amusement, and would walk with him if he had no objection. They went into the Bluecoat-boy public-house, and had some ale, when Harvey came in and claimed Styles as an acquaintance, which Styles did not seem to recollect, but Harvey said he was a horse-coper, had bought and sold colts for Styles, and conversed with him about Ipswich. Harvey then went out, and another man, an Irishman, came in, and asked the way to the Euston-square Station. They told him that, and he in return told them that he had lately had 13,000*l.* left him by a distant relative, and had 500*l.* of it then about him, and he pulled out a purse which was apparently filled with gold and notes. Either Styles or Harvey proposed, on seeing the money, that they should go to another house, where they would be more private; and, as witness thought they intended to rob the Irishman, he followed them to a place near the market, in Commercial street, where they had some more ale, witness keeping the door open lest his suspicions should be verified, and then went with them to another public-house in Union-street, Spitalfields. There they ordered more drink, and it was proposed in a friendly manner that they should toss to see who should pay for it. Styles asked him how much money he had, and he said only 7*s.* or 8*s.*, on which Styles said "Let us see that you have 7*s.*" Witness pulled his purse out to show the money, and Styles told him to turn it out on the table. He refused to do that, but Styles took his purse, emptied the silver on the table, and the Irishman immediately took up the whole of it. He had so much confidence in the Irishman that he had just before lent him his meerschaum pipe. He thought that he was the dupe of the others, but he was now convinced they all intended to rob him, and he demanded his money back. The Irishman refused, saying that they were going to toss for it, and proposed they should toss for £2. He had no intention to do so, but assented, in the hope of keeping them all together till he could see a constable to secure them, and in lieu of money gave an I O U for the amount to the Irishman. Finding, however, he could not get back his money, he said he should send for a constable, on which Styles said, "Surely you are not going to fetch a constable here?" and, snatching his watch from his pocket, broke it away from the chain. Harvey and the Irishman immediately ran out, the latter with his pipe and money, and witness grasped hold of Styles, with whom he had a struggle, but got his watch out of his hand, and Styles ran out, followed by witness, calling out after him. Harvey offered Styles a stick to knock witness's brains out, he said, if he went any further, and one of them made a blow at him, which missed him. A constable then came up and took Styles, who had neither tossed nor betted on the tossing, nor did he wager his watch against any money, and it was not an accident that his watch got out of his pocket. Isaac Wells, 909, City force, saw Styles running with the prosecutor after him, calling "Stop thief," and caught him. In the crowd collected was Harvey, who called out that Styles was not to blame, on which Penn turned round and said Harvey was one of the men, and Harvey hastened away. On searching Styles he found on him a silver watch, gold spectacles, £2 0*s.* 8*d.* in money in a purse, and a pocket-book with a plausible-looking flash bank-note for £30,000, apparently on the Bank of Beauty and Elegance, but really a hairdresser's challenge to the whole world for that amount. Both prisoners were remanded.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**YOUNG FEMALE CRIMINALS.**—Hannah Hobbs and Sarah Graham, aged respectively 13 and 14 years, were charged with assaulting Mrs. Bunce, the wife of a police-sergeant, and stealing her brooch. Sergeant Bunce, who resides in Long's-court, Leicester-square, was at supper with his wife in his kitchen, when he noticed a hand passed over the blind, the window being open. He went out, and being informed that the prisoners had been at his window, followed them and stopped them, but not finding any of his property on them he let them go. Shortly afterwards he left home to go on duty, and directly his back was turned the prisoners went to his house, annoyed and abused his wife, and on her coming to the door, Graham struck her in the face. A struggle ensued between the prisoners and the prosecutrix, and the latter's brooch was stolen. The prosecutrix then called a constable, and gave the prisoners into custody. On the prisoners being brought up, Mrs. Bunce said that she had made inquiries respecting them, and found that they had both been in the Catholic industrial school, Queen-square; Hobbs having been committed there from the Mansion House, in 1864, by Alderman Hale for five years. While there nothing could be done with her; on one occasion she took off her boot, and with it blackened the matron's

eye. She afterwards made her escape by scaling a wall sixteen feet high. Nothing more was heard of her till about twelve months afterwards. She was sent from this court for three years, as also was the prisoner Graham, and on Good Friday last they managed to escape from the school. The authorities of the school had intimated the hope that the girls would not be sent back, as they were likely to contaminate the others. Mr. Tyrwhitt said it was quite clear that it was no use sending the prisoners to an institution, and he would not send them to an industrial school to spoil other girls. The prisoners appeared to be incorrigible, and to be a pair of female Jack Sheppards, scaling walls and making their escape as they had done. He should commit them for two months with hard labour.

## LAMBETH.

**EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE.**—William York, formerly a waiter at the Palace Hotel, Upper Norwood, but at present carrying on a laundry in Anerley-vale, was charged with acts of indecency. From the statement of Inspector Bond, of the P division, stationed at Norwood, it appeared that for nearly two years the inhabitants of Anerley-grove and its vicinity have been subjected to the greatest possible annoyance, by the abominable and disgusting conduct of some person or persons, who made it a practice on the approach of women or little girls by a public pathway to emerge from a wood, sometimes without any article of dress but stockings and boots, and at other times partially exposed. Numerous complaints had been forwarded to the police station of the nuisance, and every effort had been made to bring the offender to justice; but up to Thursday week all the efforts of the plain-clothes men and other constables failed, but on that day the prisoner was apprehended by Sergeant Marsh, 33 P, on the information supplied by two of his own daughters and others. Alice Marsh, aged sixteen, said she was the daughter of Sergeant Marsh, and lived with her father and mother in Anerley-grove, Norwood. On the Tuesday before, about one o'clock, she was in a meadow at the back of their house with her two little sisters—the one seven and the other three years old; and, on turning round, saw the prisoner in the same meadow and but a few yards off, with his person exposed. He must have seen the witness at the time, as his face was turned towards her, and he was looking straight at her, and the act of exposure was, she felt certain, quite intentional. Minnie Marsh, aged nine, sister to the last witness, said that, about five weeks ago, she thought on a Wednesday, she was coming along by the Anerley-wood, and saw the prisoner standing near the bushes quite naked, all but his boots and stockings. She could not say whether the prisoner saw her or not, but she thought he did. She had frequently seen the prisoner before. His children went to the same school as she did, and she had frequently seen him in his garden. When she first saw the prisoner on the day mentioned he stood looking at her and Mrs. Kennett, who was there at the time, with his hands before him and standing quite still. She got under a railing and in doing so saw the prisoner. She saw the prisoner two or three days after in the Palace-road and knew him to be the same person. Mrs. Dinah Kennett, the wife of a police-constable, said she was with the last witness on the day in question, about five weeks ago, having met her, and they were talking, when the girl, in getting under the railing, called out to her, and she at the moment saw a man standing among the bushes quite naked and not in the least concealed by the bushes, from which he came on to the footpath by which the child and herself would have to go. His face was towards them, and he was looking at them, and at the time might have been four or five yards away. She told the girl to run home as fast as she could, and calling out to the man, said, "You beast," and he walked into the bushes again. She did not know that the prisoner was the man, but she noticed that the person she saw had a great deal of hair on his chin. (The prisoner wore a long beard.) There was no water near in which the prisoner might have been bathing, and two or three minutes might have elapsed from the time of her seeing him until he returned into the bushes. In cross-examination the witness said she would not swear to the prisoner as being the man. Mary Goff, servant, Upper Norwood, said that in the July of last year she saw a man standing in Anerley-wood quite naked. He stood about forty yards from her, he on one path and she on another. He was doing nothing at the time, but standing still. He had bushy whiskers, and much hair on his chin, but she could not say the person was the man. Julia Harrie, nursery maid, residing at Norwood, said she saw a man expose himself three times in the wood near Belvedere-road; the first time was about fifteen months, and the last time four or five months ago. On one occasion he had nothing on but his shirt. She believed the prisoner was the man. Mrs. Emma Nash, wife of Sergeant Nash, said that about five or six weeks ago she sent her little daughter Minnie with the dinner of her other daughter Alice, and she returned home quite pale, and complained of having been grossly insulted by Mr. York. Mr. Bond here informed the magistrate that this was all the evidence he had to offer; but added that among the complainants of the nuisance was a young lady who was living as governess in a family, and this person distinctly said the offender was a waiter at the Crystal Palace Hotel, and at that time the prisoner was a waiter at the Crystal Palace Hotel. The young lady, however, had left her situation since that time, and he had not been enabled to find her. For the defence, Elizabeth York, the prisoner's daughter, and a workwoman were called, and both positively swore that during the whole of Tuesday week the prisoner had been engaged at "dollying," and had not been out of their sight or outside the doors. Witnesses were also called who gave him a high character, and spoke of him as a person of modest demeanour and perfect propriety of conduct. Mr. Neale, who attended for the prisoner, also addressed the court at some length for his client, and handed in an excellent written character of the prisoner, signed by a great number of names of respectable persons who had known him for many years. The witnesses, Alice and Minnie Marsh, were again called, and said they had not the least doubt as to the prisoner being the man. Mr. Norton said it was almost incredible that a person like the prisoner, who evidently bore an excellent character, should have indulged in such extraordinary exhibitions in his own immediate neighbourhood, where he must have been well known, and within view, as it might be said, of his own children. On the other hand, there were the positive oaths of the two girls, who gave their evidence in such a way as to satisfy any one who had heard them that they swore to what they believed to be the truth. Yet, knowing the mistakes that were made with respect to identity, he did not feel he would ever be justified in convicting a person with his character on their testimony, and should therefore discharge the prisoner.



## TOWN AND COUNTRY SKETCHES.

## THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Most of our readers are, doubtless, aware that the whole of the buildings surrounding the Houses of Parliament have at length been removed, and that the completion of the design, as originally planned by Sir Charles Barry, and shown in our illustration, is now being proceeded with.

Sir Charles Barry's plan was selected, from ninety-six others, in 1836. The coffer-dam for the river-front was commenced late in 1837; the river-wall early in 1839; and, on April 27, 1840, was laid the first stone, at the north end of the Speaker's house. The exterior material is fine magnesian limestone, from Anston, in Yorkshire, and Caen stone for the interior; the river-terrace is of Aberdeen granite; the whole building stands on a bed of concrete twelve feet thick. The vast pile covers about eight acres, and has four principal fronts, the eastern, or river, being 940 feet in length. The plan contains eleven open quadrangles or courts, which besides 500 apartments and eighteen official residences, flank the royal state apartments and the Houses of Lords and Commons, and the great Central Hall. The interior walls are fine brick; the bearers of the floors are cast-iron, with brick arches turned from girder to girder; the entire roofs are of wrought-iron covered with cast-iron plates galvanized; so that timber has not been used in the carcasses of the entire building.

The new palace is the largest public edifice which has been erected for several centuries in England; and in the arrangement of its apartments for the transaction of public business, in its lighting, ventilation, fire-proof construction, supply of water, &c., it is the most perfect building in Europe. The style is Tudor (Henry VIII), with picturesque portions of the town-halls of the Low Countries, and three grand features: a clock tower at the northern extremity, forty feet square and 320 feet high, resembling that of the Town-house at Brussels; a great central dome, with an open stone lantern and spire, nearly 300 feet high; and the Royal or Victoria Tower, at the south-west angle, eighty feet square and 310 feet high.

The vast edifice covers at least twice the site of the old Palace of Westminster, about half the new ground occupied being taken from the Thames. The east or river front has at the ends prom-

jecting wings, each 120 feet in length, with towers of beautiful design, leaving between them a terrace 700 feet long and thirty-three feet wide. The wing-towers have crested roofs and open-worked pinnacles, which, with those of the bays, carry gilded vanes. Between the principal and one-pair floors is a rich band of sculpture, composed of the royal arms of England in each reign, from William I to Queen Victoria. The band below the principal floor is inscribed with the date of each sovereign's accession and decease; and the panels on each side of the coats-of-arms have sceptres and labels, with badges and inscriptions. In the parapet of each bay is a niched figure of an angel bearing a shield. The carved panels of the six oriel windows have the arms of Queen Victoria, to indicate that the building was erected in her reign. The wing towers, with their octagonal stone pinnacles and perforated iron ornaments at their angles and crests, remind one of the picturesque roofs of the chateaux and belfry-towers of the Low Countries.

The north front has bays and buttresses similar to those of the river front; the bands are sculptured with the quarterings of the kings of England between the Heptarchy and the Conquest, inscriptions and dates of accession, &c.; while the niches between the windows in each bay contain effigies of the sovereigns. This front terminates at the west with the clock tower and turgreted lantern spire. The clock, by Dent, according to the parliamentary conditions, is to "strike the hours on a bell from eight to ten tons, and, if practicable, chime the quarters upon eight bells, and show the time upon four dials about thirty feet in diameter," or nearly twice the size of the clock-face of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The south front resembles the north, has similar decorations

south, overlooking a little bay, where the waves roll and break on the smooth sands. O'Connell's library, or study, is still shown to visitors.

**DEATH OF LORD NORTHBROOK.**—Francis Thornhill Baring, first Baron Northbrook, who recently died at his residence, Stratton Park, Hants, was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he obtained a double first-class in 1817, graduated M.A. in 1821, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's-inn in 1823. He held the appointment of Lord of the Treasury from 1830 until 1834, and from 1835 until 1839; he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, which post he held until 1841; was First Lord of the Admiralty from January, 1849, to February, 1852; and, as Sir Francis Baring, represented the borough of Portsmouth in the House of Commons from the year 1826 until the dissolution of parliament in 1865, when he retired, and was shortly afterwards raised to the peerage. He is succeeded by his son, Mr. Thomas George Baring, who filled in rapid succession the offices of Under-Secretary for War, Under-Secretary for India, Under-Secretary for the Home Department, and Secretary to the Admiralty, in the Administration of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell.

**THE UNITED STATES NAVY,** as at present organized, contains 2,048 officers of all ranks, there being one admiral (Farragut), one vice-admiral (Porter), and twenty-seven rear-admirals. Nearly all the officers are on the active list, the reserve and retired lists being much smaller than the usual proportion, owing to the weeding out of the war.

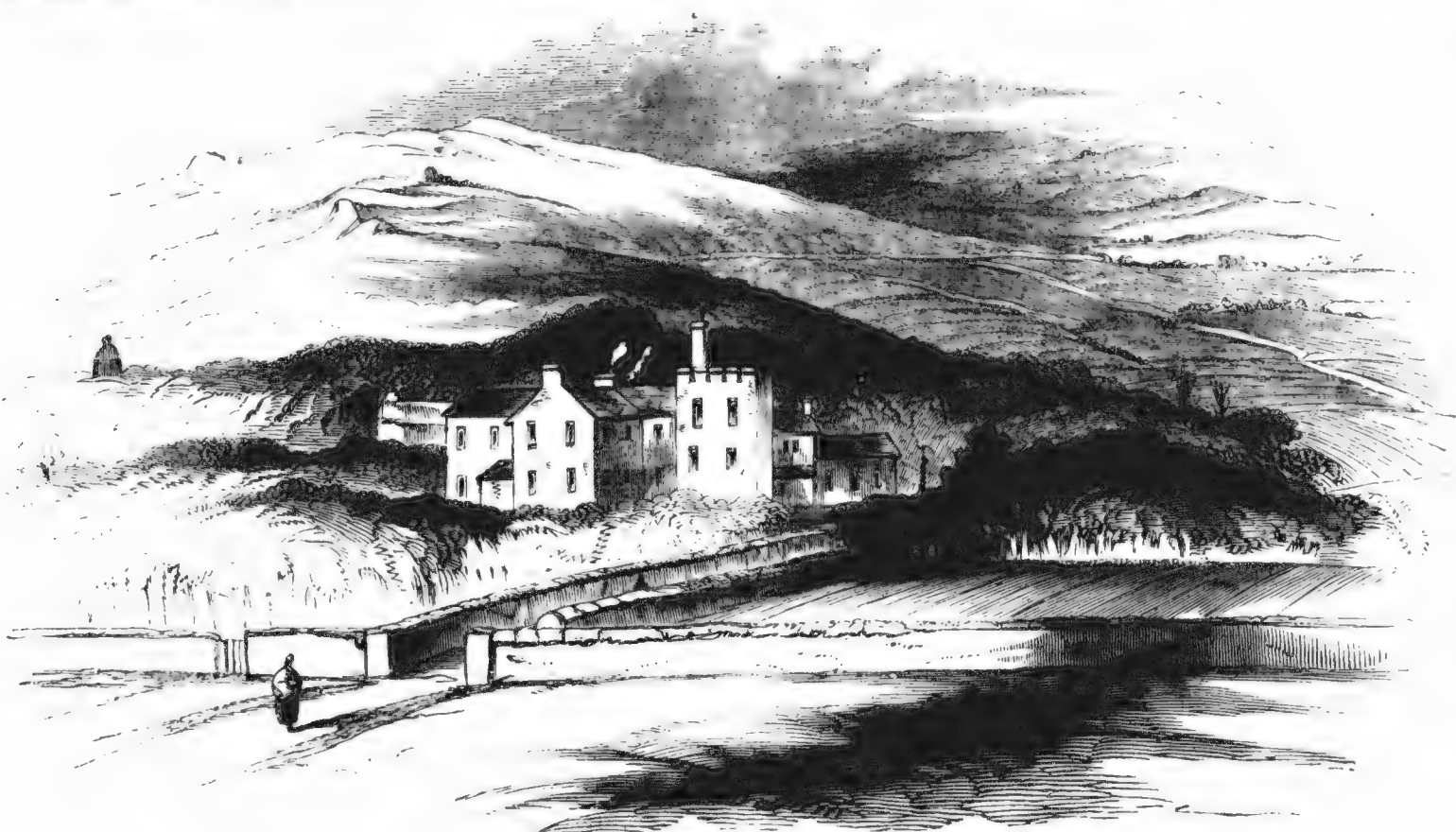
chronologically arranged, and terminates with the Victoria Tower.

## DERRY-NANE ABBEY.

The principal interest attached to Derrynane Abbey, situate about twenty miles from Kenmare, Ireland, is that it was the birthplace of Daniel O'Connell. It is an irregular pile of a comparatively small extent, having an old embattled tower, around which the modern structures have, from time to time, been accumulated. The whole edifice is enclosed in wood-like shrubberies, sheltered by an amphitheatre of bold and verdant hills. It faces the



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN FINISHED.



COUNTRY SKETCHES.—DERRYNANE ABBEY, IRELAND, THE BIRTHPLACE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.



The body of Frenchmen, 175 strong, who were entrenched in Fort Casemata, had obtained an honourable capitulation. They arrived at Vera Cruz on the 1st of August. The object of Marshal Bazaine's presence at San Luis Potosi was chiefly to make arrangements upon new bases for the defence of the frontiers, which was in future to be entrusted to the Mexicans, and thus prepare the way for the return of the French regiments to France.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE POPE.—According to the *Nord*, England is most anxious that the Pope should take up his residence in the Island of Malta. It says: "The idea of the flight of the Holy

Father to Malta seems to have so many adherents amongst Roman Catholics and even in the Papal Court as to make the Cabinet of the Tuileries take the possibility of such a result into serious consideration, with the view of preventing the realisation of a combination which would completely deprive France of the influence which she has of late years exercised in the government of Catholicity and for which she has made so many sacrifices. The desire to trick France in this matter must be very great, as otherwise English diplomacy, which is so indifferent on all questions of European politics, would not display so much activity and would not go so far as to offer the Pope the entire possession of the island of Malta, except the fortifications and forts."



#### THE WAR IN MEXICO.

OFFICIAL intelligence received in Paris from Vera Cruz, dated 13th ult., states that a Juarist column was defeated on July 4, near Mazatlan. The Mexican troops evacuated Monterey on July 25, and Santillo on the 6th August, by order of Marshal Bazaine. They had fallen back upon San Luis Potosi. General Freuil defeated the rebels on the 8th August, killing 150. Among the casualties mentioned is the blowing up of an ammunition wagon, doing great damage and causing the utmost consternation (see illustration.)

The intelligence that the Mexican garrison has evacuated Tampico on the 1st of August is officially confirmed.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MEXICAN WAR.—EXPLOSION OF AN AMMUNITION WAGON.

#### Literature.

##### JOHN ARDEN'S WIFE.

"TRULY you flatter yourself, sir."

"You do love me, Minnie! At least you have often said so, and I believe it. Then why make any difficulty about so trivial a matter?"

"There now! You are jealous again! I have never seen anything like it. Besides, what use is there in recalling to mind my silly, foolish speeches?"

"You did not think them so once, Minnie!"

"No. Perhaps I did not. But one tires of hearing the same things repeated over and over continually. Can't you find some more amusing topic of conversation?"

"If I were an elegant fopling such as your friend, Mr. Glyddon is, I should probably retort that it was impossible for me to think of aught else in your adorable presence. But, casting badinage aside, will you not grant me this one favour? It can be no deprivation to you?"

"No deprivation, indeed! Why, you know as well as I do that Horace Glyddon is considered to be the most delightful dancer in the city."

"Ah, Minnie, I would do much more than this for you, if you asked it," sighed the lover, as he gazed admiringly upon his perverse mistress.

Minnie Brandon was exceedingly pretty and fascinating, and the flush of pettishness seemed to add more brilliancy to her charms. She sat with eyes cast down, and one little foot impatiently patting the carpet.

There was reason palpable, evident enough why John Arden should fall in love with her; but it had been a seven days' wonder to the Mistress Grundys what could have induced Minnie

Brandon to engage herself to him; and why the belle of belles should have turned coldly away from the army of admirers who followed in her train to place her hand in that of the plainest of all her lovers, was to them too great a puzzle for their small wits to solve. I believe that Minnie herself often wondered at it; but, whenever she looked on that manly, though not handsome face, and read in those deep dark eyes the innate goodness of his soul, she felt that John Arden was a prize for any woman to win, and that none could think him homely—his own worth giving those plain features the noblest style of beauty that man could have. And from at first esteeming and looking up to him as a true friend, almost before she was aware of it, he had won her heart.

And so they became engaged, much to the delight of her sole parent, who was only too well satisfied at his daughter's choosing such an honourable man as John Arden.

The only darling of a wealthy father, petted and indulged in every whim, Minnie's ideas of having her own way in all things had already, during the few months of their engagement, induced many little acts of despotism on her part, which Arden, believing his queen could do no wrong, quietly submitted to, thus augmenting and fostering the chief fault of the lady of his love, until she had become as capricious as a spoiled child.

"I have good reasons, Minnie, for asking you not to dance again with Mr. Glyddon—the very best reasons," he continued, earnestly.

"What! Your prejudices against such dances, I presume. Your old-fashioned prejudices," she replied, her red lips curling scornfully.

"Old-fashioned or not, dearest, I was taught them by one whose memory is sacred to me—my mother. But, setting them aside, even though I must confess my dislike to seeing a lady's waist encircled by any gentleman's arms in the presence of a hundred beholders, I still more object when that gentleman is such a one as this Mr. Glyddon, and the lady my own darling little Minnie. There are other objections I could advance."

"What can your jealousy find to object to so much in Mr.

Glyddon? I am sure he is wealthy, handsome, and of good family; and I don't see—"

"I would never allow a sister of mine, had I one, to speak to or associate at all with a man like him, much less you, if I can prevent it."

Minnie toyed a moment in an absent manner with her engagement-ring, as if seeking from the glittering diamond some argument in reply, then added, "What have you to say against him specially, John?"

Hesitatingly, he replied, "Do you then forget poor Lottie Welles so soon?"

She shook her head, and murmured, "You are right, as you always are, and I am a silly, cross girl to tease you so."

"You will promise me, then, not to dance with him, love?"

"If you will be a good boy, and smile again, I am willing to do anything and everything you wish me to. Is there peace between us?"

And honest, trusting John Arden sealed the treaty on those lately pouting lips, saying, "Love and peace for evermore!" And harmony reigned between the contending parties. All through the next day, instead of listening to the droning of the judge or the sparring of his brother-lawyers, John was recalling to mind the sweetly humble, penitent look of his own Minnie, and her witching eyes seemed to peep from the leaves of each dry law-book into his own. Still he sighed, as he thought of her disappointment; for it was the day of Mrs. Girault's ball, in expectation of which all "the world" had been looking anxiously forward, and every modiste of any note in the city was driven to distraction by an excess of work. In short, it was to be the ball of the season, and he could not accompany Minnie thither, as had been agreed upon; for business very important and unexpected would detain him until too late, though, as he assured her in the most loving of notes, nothing should prevent his serving as her escort home after the ball. It would be very late ere he should join them, however.

A murmur of applauding admiration greeted the beautiful Miss







# Varieties.

**IMPORTANT TO NAUTICAL MEN.**—The best light for the binnacle. Stearic candles.—*Punch*. Drawing.—In reasoning, if you wish inferences that will not follow, draw them.

A CONFIRMED toper was bothered how to honour his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him. He kept sober.

A LEVELLER perceiving two crows flying side by side, said, "Ay, that is how it should be; I hate to see one crow over the other."

BEAT THAT.—We know a man so clever with his lather, that he can even turn a deaf ear.—*Punch*.

A PET LAMB.—Master Gusher (caressing): "Oh, ma, wouldn't he make stunning chops!"—*Fun*.

WHAT riches are those that certainly make themselves wings and fly away? Ost-riches.—*Fun*.

FEMALE DELICACY.—Female writers never make a greater mistake than when they think to obtain masculine strength by the sacrifice of female delicacy.

A FRENCH writer declares that "There is no way of preventing gambling, and there is no way of putting down swindlers and victims. Were not loaded dice found at Pompeii?"

AN IRISHMAN on being told to grease the waggon, returned in an hour afterwards and said, "I've greased every part of the waggon but them sticks the wheels hang on!"

A DUTCHMAN told two lugs to the milkman in place of one, as usual, and being asked the meaning of it, replied, "Dis vor te millich, an' dis vor te vater, an' I will mix tem zo as to zoote myself."

If I want a statue of myself, why should I be foolish to present a sculptor with the marble for the work? Because, if I did, he would be sure to chisel me out of it!

"JACK, did you carry that umbrella home I borrowed yesterday?" "No, father, you have often told me to lay up something for a rainy day; and as I thought it would rain before long, I have laid the umbrella up."

MRS. PARRINGTON remarked the other day that "she had a resentment that she should eventually die in a prison;" adding, "that the resentment troubled her a good deal, but she expected finally to get immured to it."

THE wicked editor of the Springfield *Republican* says this:—"Garters with diamond buckles are worn with the new hoops in Paris. It is impossible not to see that they are not introduced here yet."

THEY are fond of titles in the East. Among his other high-sounding titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of Twenty-four Umbrellas." This looks as though he had prepared for a long reign!

SUGAR FROM COAL.—We have heard of sugar from sawdust before, but now it is said that a chemist has extracted from coal a substance chemically undistinguishable from sugar. He has named it "phenoze."

A COMPARISON.—A German writer says a young girl is a fishing-rod, the eyes are the hook, the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and the marriage the better in which he is fried. What will the girls say of that German?

A POSER.—As a schoolmaster was employed the other day, in Scotland, in his delightful task of teaching a sharp urchin to cypher on the slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor:—"Whaur dis a' the figures gang till when they're rubbit out?"

A NEW VIEW OF RAILWAY COMPENSATION.—An American paper tells the following story of a recent accident:—An intoxicated Irishman was sitting on the line, when the engine tossed him down the embankment. The driver backed his train to pick up the dead body. The victim was found alive, however, only somewhat bruised, and taken to Norwich. Here the driver kindly offered to send the man to his home a few miles away, in a hack, but he insisted on his ability to walk, and refused to be sent home. The driver pressed the matter, when the Mileian, who had stood the butting of the cow-catcher so well, bristled up with, "Go away with your kerriage, I'll go home by myself; and if I've done any damage to yer old engine, bedad, I'll pay it on the spot!"

HOW THEY DO IN MAINE.—Somebody, evidently an old bachelor used to such things, thus describes how they do in Maine:—"Quaker young ladies in the Maine Law State, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young temperance woman, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge, 'Mr. —, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules; are you willing?' You nod acquiescence. She gently steps closer to you, lays her white arm around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylph-like form upon tip-toe, her snowy, heaving bosom against your own, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, pouty, sugar, molasses, lily, rosebud, cream-tart, apple-pie, peach-pudding, apple-dumpling, gingerbread, nectar lips, against yours, and (O Jerusalem, hold us!) kisses you. Hurrah for the girls and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition!"

## LIFE AT BADEN-BADEN.

"BADEN-BADEN, Sept. 6.  
"DESPITE the unsettled state of the weather and the ravages of war, cholera, and financial collapse, Baden-Baden is now crowded nearly as much, and the racecourse presented to-day nearly as gay and brilliant a scene as in past years. A complete list of the distinguished company would fill a newspaper column. I will only mention a few of the élite:—The Duchess (Dowager) of Hamilton, the Prince of Furstenberg, the Duke of Hamilton and party of ten, Mr. Fredrick Wombwell, Lord Albert Layton-Gower, Captain Townshend, the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke and Duchess of Fernan Nunez, the Princess Sapieha, Madame Rattazzi, Mrs. Bigelow, the wife of the American Minister at Paris; Prince Arenberg, Senor Hidalgo, Prince Dolgorouki, Prince Menschikoff, Prince Nicholas and Boris Galitzin, Prince Radziwill, Prince Gagarine, Prince and Princess Ghika, Princess and Princesses Stourdza, Stortley, Bibesco, and Kallimachi, Prince Joseph Lubomirski, Comte Demidoff, Mons. Narishkin, notorious for his high play and luck at the table; their excellencies Alexander Mouchanoff and De Grothe; the distinguished Russian statesman, Baron Maltzman; Khaili Bey, the Ottoman ambassador at St. Petersburg; Prince Achille Murat, the Marquis and Marquise Gallifet, the Marquis and Marquise de Cadore, the Comte de St. Priest, the Comte Walsch, the Comte Armary de la Rochefoucauld, the Viscount Paul Darn, the Comte Delamarre, the Marquis de Noailles, M. Reiset, the president of the French Jockey Club, and Mr. Mackenzie Grieve, the accomplished starter. The toilettes of the ladies, especially of the French ladies, were remarkable alike for elegance and novelty. One dress braided with coral excited universal admiration. It was worn by one of the prettiest Parisian actresses; but the belle of the racecourse, both as regards her personal beauty and the richness and elegance of her dress, was a young English lady. She wore with surpassing grace a rose-coloured silk dress, and train trimmed with very costly lace. Madame de Pourtales and Madame la Marquise de Gallifet looked charming. As usual, their toilettes displayed exquisite taste. You saw from the preceding that Phanariot princes and Russian diplomatists must strong here. Neither 'Anonyma' of London nor 'Aspasia,' of Parisian not-rifity has visited Baden-Baden this year, and their absence is not regretted. There have been no midnight orgies of disreputable rows, ending with broken furniture and heads. Before closing, I must mention the presence here of an Egyptian Cressus, Moustapha Fazil Pasha, the brother of the present Viceroy of Egypt. He is a man of rare abilities, devoid of Oriental prejudices, and thoroughly imbued with sound principles of European progress and civilization. Of all the Egyptian princes he is *ficile princeps*. It is much to be regretted for the future tranquillity and prosperity of Egypt that the recent alteration of the law of succession should exclude from the viceroyalty the man best fitted for that onerous post, and substitute for him a mere youth without experience or knowledge of European politics. It remains, however, to be seen whether, on the demise of the present Viceroy, the population of the country will not insist on the maintenance of the immemorial usage of the East, and of the succession, as settled in 1811, with the concurrence of the five great Powers."

FALSE PLEASURE.—Pleasure, which cannot be obtained but by unseasonable or unsuitable expense, must always end in pain; and pleasure which must be enjoyed at the expense of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.

BORAX.—A lake about two miles in circumference, from which borax is obtained in extremely pure condition and in very large quantities, has been recently discovered in California. The borax hitherto in use has been procured by combining boracic acid from Tuscany, with soda. It is used in large quantities in this country, the potteries of Staffordshire alone consuming more than 1,100 tons annually.

TRANSLATION OF A BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE FROM A PERSIAN POET.—The Heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the World is a bud from the bower of His beauty; the Sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom; and the Sky is a bubble on the sea of His power. His beauty is free from the spot of sin hidden in the thick veil of darkness; He made mirrors of the atoms of the world, and threw a reflection from his own face on every atom.

TYBURN GATE.—It may not be generally known that the centre portion of this gate, with the clock, is still standing on the premises of Mr. Baker, farmer, at Cricklewood, who bought it at the time it was taken down. It consists of a high wooden arch, with two doors; under this arch, in its original position, was a weigh-bridge, over which all waggons with goods from the midland and western counties passed, and tolls charged according to weight; the height of the load was restricted to the height of the arch. These waggons were drawn by eight, or ten, or more horses, and carried goods and passengers; and underneath swung a "dog-basket," which was often occupied with children, or even men, when there was no room in the waggon. The arch and doors, with the old clock over, have been erected at the entrance to a wooden cowshed, and can be seen from the high road through Cricklewood.

## PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF A RUN-AWAY CASHIER.

THE train of Sunday from Calais had the honour of conveying back to his native air Lamirande, the ex-cashier of the Bank of France at Poitiers, who seven months ago annexed the trifling sum of 786,000*fr.* (£31,000*l.*). The story of his capture is worthy of record. On the robbery being discovered, M. Melin, a Paris detective, was set to for to Poitiers and given a *carte-blanche* to spend any sum he considered necessary in the capture of Lamirande. M. Melin returned to Paris, interrogated several hundred Paris cabmen, and traced a man somewhat resembling his description to the station of the Northern Railway. It was clear Lamirande had two days previously gone to London, whither M. Melin followed, and discovered that after purchasing three hats in the City he had embarked for New York. M. Melin chartered a steamer and reached America before his prisoner, who, on being recognised by him, stated that his name was Lashere, and that he was a native of the South. "I think you are mistaken," replied the detective; "you purchased your hat at S—'s in the City, as you passed through London from Paris." So saying, he took up Lamirande's hat from the table of a tavern where this strange recognition took place, and showed the name of the City hatter stamped on the crown. M. Melin, with the aid of the French consul, notwithstanding the extradition question, which in America is extremely complicated, succeeded in having Lamirande lodged in prison. In a few days, however, with the connivance of the police, Lamirande effected his escape. M. Melin at this crisis confesses to have almost felt inclined to give up the chase; but with undaunted energy and perseverance he recommenced his task, and actually traced his bird across the frontier to La Prairie, a town in Canada. When M. Melin at last effected his second arrest, he found his prisoner possessed of thirty-two sous and a revolver. On inquiring his motive for carrying fire-arms, Lamirande replied that he did so to protect himself from robbers. "Did you ever think of yourself?" asked the detective. "That did not strike me," replied the ex-cashier. Lamirande quitted Poitiers with 480,000*fr.* (above £18,000*l.*), half of which sum he carried about tied up in a pocket-handkerchief. Inconceivable to relate, he forgot this parcel in the railway carriage which conveyed him to London, but perceiving his loss a few moments after quitting his seat, Lamirande returned to search for it. The packet was gone, and he naturally could not claim it. While in the prison at New York no less than 52,000*fr.* (£2,080*l.*) were stolen from him; the rest he spent in gambling. M. Melin spent £700 in the capture of this worthy.

STEADYING THE NERVES.—A bashful lover, about to be married, took morphine to steady his nerves. Result—he forgot to wake up at the wedding hour; the bride was disgusted, and the wedding indefinitely postponed.

PRECOCITY OF GENIUS.—John Smeaton, born near Leeds, in 1724, was an eminent civil engineer. The strength of his understanding, and the originality of his genius, appeared at an early age. His play things were not the playthings of children, but the tools which men employ; and he appeared to have greater entertainment in seeing the men in the neighbourhood work, and in asking them questions, than in anything else. One day he was seen (to the great distress of his friends) on the top of his father's barn, fixing up something like a windmill; another time he attended some men fixing a pump at a neighbouring village, and observing them cut off a piece of bored pipe, he was so lucky as to procure it, and he actually made with it a working pump which raised water. This happened while he was in petticoats, and most likely before he attained his sixth year.

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